

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLVII.—NO. 5.

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 9, 1904.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,230.

## The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1884, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of four full columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays. NEWPORT TERN, No. 18, Knights of Macedonia, Charles D. Dudley, Commander, Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAXTON, No. 603, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnston, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays. OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder; meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 88, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays. HENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P., St. Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

## Fourth of July.

Monday was an ideal day for the Fourth of July and in consequence there was a large number of strangers in the city to enjoy the natural beauties of the place more than to see what was going on for there was very little doing here. The street car lines all did a big business, more especially the cars of the Newport & Providence road which carried immense crowds to the picnic grounds as well as over the road to Bristol Ferry. The local road did a big business carrying people to the beach and the island cars were also well filled all day.

There was not much going on in this city in the way of a celebration. There was no street parade but the gun squad of the Newport Artillery Company fired the usual salutes. The ringing of the bells in the morning, at noon and at night made things rather noisy as did also the general use of firecrackers and other explosives.

There was a cutter race in the harbor under the auspices of the city council committee, in which the Hibernians, Scandinavians and the Massachusetts crew took part. The Hibernians were the winners by several lengths. There was also a cat boat race under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Club in which there was considerable interest taken.

The picnic at Southwick's Grove for the benefit of the building fund of St. Joseph's Church drew an immense crowd, most of the people being carried over the Newport & Providence road. There were several sporting events at the picnic grounds and the large crowd found something doing all the time. The picnic was a source of profit as well as pleasure.

In the evening there were band concerts at various parks and also a display of fireworks at Battery Park and at King Park. There were several accidents during the day but no fatalities. The worst accident occurred to George Stevens who was injured by a giant cracker. His wounds necessitated his removal to the hospital and careful attention. There were two alarms of fire caused by fireworks, but the damage was slight in each case. The police found little to do during the day.

## The Old Steamer Newport.

Thirty-nine years ago on the Fourth of July the four-pipe steamer Newport of the Old Colony Steamboat Company made her first trip from Newport to New York, leaving at night. She lay at the south dock at Long Wharf, which in those days was the terminal station, and a reception was given to the public from 4 to 6 o'clock. The dining tables were elaborately decorated, being laid with a handsome silver service. The Newport was the most elaborately equipped and fitted passenger steamer ever seen in this city, having more gold decorations, it is thought, than any other steamer, even up to the present time. On the day of the reception there was a constant stream of visitors to the wharf to look the vessel over.

The officers of the Newport were: Captain William Brown, Chief Mate Benjamin Nichols, Chief Engineer James Finkel, 1st Assistant Engineer Joseph Brown, better known among steamboat men as "Uncle Joe," Edward Edward Lawson Tilton, Head-waiter Daniel Webster, Purser Theodore Warren. She was built by John English & Co., East River, New York. One of her striking features was her boilers which were built in Boston and conveyed to New York, experiencing a rough passage through Vineyard Sound. Two boilers rolled overboard and one of them was lost. A new one had to be built in New York by the Novelty Iron Works Co. Work was rushed and the boiler was completed in 2 weeks and 3 days, which was equal to over 18 years and some months work for one man.

There was trouble with a falling trolley wire of the Newport & Fall River street railway on Broadway on Thursday morning which might have caused more trouble than it did. One of the early morning cars of the local road ran through the break and became tangled up in the wire before the danger was known. Fortunately there was no damage done except to the wire and after the repair gang had been around the source of trouble was removed.

Mrs. Jeanne, wife of Mr. William W. Gosling, died in New York on Tuesday after a long illness. She had been sick for a long time and the attending physician had no hope of her recovery. She is survived by her husband, who is a son of the late William Gosling of this city. Funeral services were held in New York on Thursday.

Chief of Police Richards and Miss Richards celebrated their birthdays on Tuesday, holding a reception at their residence on Church street in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis N. Fullerton have returned from their wedding trip.

## Wedding Bells.

Getzenmeier-Ronayne.

St. Mary's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Wednesday morning when considerable business of the contracting parties being Miss Isabella Margaret Ronayne, daughter of Mrs. David Ronayne, and Mr. Alfred R. C. Getzenmeier, a teacher in the Townsend Industrial School. Rev. Father Meenan officiated. The bride was prettily dressed in a gown of white crepe de chine over white silk. She wore a long tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her sister, Miss Mary Ronayne, was the bridesmaid, and wore white Lanesdowne over white silk, with a picture hat trimmed with white plumes and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Dr. John J. Cotter of New York performed the duties of best man and the ushers were Messrs. Cornelius C. Moore and Lawrence Martin. A special musical program was given. Besides the regular choir, Mrs. James J. Rooney and Mr. Thomas Livingston sang during the service.

A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride on Spring street followed by a reception, which was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Getzenmeier left on the 3 o'clock train on an extended wedding trip. They will visit Boston and other places.

The bride wore a walking costume of white as a traveling suit, with a hat to match.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents.

## Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Albert A. Wilbur.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilbur, wife of Mr. Albert A. Wilbur, died at her home on Church street Thursday morning suddenly. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur conducted a summer boarding house on Church street, which was strictly first-class in every respect and bore an excellent reputation.

Mrs. Wilbur was a member of the Second Baptist Church and was greatly interested in its progress.

She was a daughter of the late William Stevens and a sister of Mr. Henry C. Stevens, cashier of the Newport National Bank.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. H. N. Jeter, D. D., as pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church, was observed on Tuesday evening, the church being attractively decorated for the occasion. Rev. J. Chester Hyde officiated and the speakers included Rev. Henry C. Graves, D. D., of Boston, Rev. J. B. Marsh of Pawtucket and Mr. Eugene Schreier of this city. A collation was served and the Jeter family furnished music. Rev. Dr. Jeter was presented with a purse by the members of the congregation and other friends.

The work of clearing the site for the new high school building on Broadway is now going on in earnest and it will soon be in readiness for receiving the foundation for the new structure. The building on the St. Joseph's Church property is being torn down as is also the ell on the Pitman property. There is every evidence of an early beginning of the clearing of the Horgan estate about which there has been considerable delay owing to the fact that the place is tied up by a long lease to the present tenant.

Work on the Point section of the new railway is being rushed as fast as possible and considerable progress has already been made. The section where the work is now going on is on Farewell street where the rails are already in place for a considerable distance. The company wishes to establish a connection with the Training Station at the earliest possible moment.

The beautiful souvenir postal cards issued by the MERCURY Publishing Company, are by far the best selling postals in the market. All the reputable dealers have them. Ask for the MERCURY cards and take no other. They are the only home production that are on the market.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. M. Adelbert Linfield for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Cora Davis Linfield, to Mr. Frederick William Greene, Jr., at Kay Chapel, Wednesday evening, July 20th, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. George T. Seabury, son of Hon. T. Munford Seabury, who has been spending some weeks in Newport recuperating after his recent severe illness, has returned to New York and resumed his duties.

The very interesting address of the President of the Society of the Cincinnati, Col. Asa Bird Gardner, and many of the other addresses will be published in the MERCURY next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burlingham of Readville, Mass., are guests of Mr. Burlingham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burlingham on Spring street.

## City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening when considerable business of importance was transacted. An important matter that was acted upon was the amendment of the ordinance which required a three fourths vote for the passing of a special appropriation, the ordinance being amended so that only a three fifths vote is required. All the members of the board of aldermen were present and there was but one absentee from the common council.

On recommendation of the finance committee bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Assylum,	\$529.55
Books, Stationery and Printing,	1,577.34
Fire Department,	1,561.21
Board of Health,	867.04
Incidentals,	104.00
Lighting Streets,	3,128.48
Touro Jewa Synagogue Fund,	81.70
Touro Ministerial and Cemetery Fund,	50.00
Dog Fund,	282.00
Burial Grounds,	101.52
Ward Meetings,	16.50
New High School,	7.30
Assault Fund,	25.00
Indexing and Preserving Records,	82.00
Joseph Anthony Burial Ground Fund,	2.00
Poor Department,	227.00
Police Department,	144.32
Public Buildings,	210.02
Public Schools,	2,100.01
Streets and Highways,	4,487.22
Public Parks,	878.76
	\$15,667.58

A resolution was passed directing the city treasurer to transfer from the income of the Cotes fund the sum of \$1500 to pay the salary of the principal of the Cotes school. A resolution was passed authorizing the finance committee to destroy in the presence of the city clerk and city treasurer the \$100,000 bonds comprising the original issue for the new high school and which were subsequently annulled.

A number of resolutions in regard to trust and sinking funds were passed. These resolutions were recommended by Special Auditor Thomas B. Congdon and were the result of his investigation into the city's finances. They provided for the wiping out of certain worthless securities, for the correction of discrepancies, for the placing of non-interest bearing funds where they will bear interest, and for minor changes. A general sinking fund is also provided for.

A resolution to purchase a pair of horses for the No. 8 reel by an extra appropriation of \$450 failed of passage in the board of aldermen, there being 3 votes in favor of its passage and 2 against it. A resolution was passed authorizing a Weisbach gas light on Greenough place. On recommendation of the committee on streets and highways resolutions were passed for the curbing and macadamizing of a portion of Third street at a cost of \$1800; for the laying of a sewer in Cypress street at a cost of \$500, and for the extension of the sewer in Old Fort road at a cost of \$400.

The same committee recommended that the curb on the south side of West Marlboro street be reset and that a granite sidewalk be laid on the street at a cost of \$1600 to be met by a special appropriation. This resolution caused a discussion, a number of members objecting to the special appropriation. The resolution failed of the necessary three-fourths vote and was defeated.

There was taken from the table an ordinance in amendment of section 1 of chapter 7 of the city ordinances by requiring only a three-fifths vote for the passage of a special appropriation instead of a three-fourths. There was considerable debate over this ordinance in both branches, some of the members characterizing it as vicious legislation. The ordinance was finally passed, Aldermen Ritchie and Bliss, and Councilmen Pember, Wright, Walbar, Milne and J. J. M. Martin voting in the negative.

A communication from the progress committee suggesting the establishing of public toilet rooms for the accommodation of strangers was referred to the committee on public property. Another communication from the same body calling attention to the necessity for watering the principal streets on Sundays and holidays was referred to the committee on streets and highways. A communication in regard to the danger of a gasoline storage tank which the Standard Oil Company has proposed to build, was referred to the committee on ordinances.

In joint convention Harry C. Christian was elected hoseman of Company No. 2, James Pearson, 2nd, hoseman of Company No. 4, Charles T. Bliss and Charles A. Palmer hosemen of Company No. 5, and George H. Freeborn a permanent driver.

There were many strangers in the city on Sunday and Monday and the many establishments which cater to the transient trade did a thriving business.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ritchie have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin are entertaining Miss Virginia Lucy of Austin, Texas.

## Society of the Cincinnati.

The annual business meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island was held in this city on the morning of the Fourth of July. Various annual reports were read and the following officers were elected for the coming year.

President—Hon. Asa Bird Gardner, LL. D., LL. B.  
Vice President—Hon. James M. Varnum, A. M., LL. B.  
Secretary—George W. Olney, LL. B.  
Assistant Secretary—Thomas Arnold Pierce  
Treasurer—William Dehon King, A. M.  
Assistant Treasurer—William Hodgson, A. M.

These officers constitute, pursuant to law, the standing committee.

Chairman, Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, D. D., Ph. D.  
Member of the Standing Executive Committee of the General Society—Hon. Asa Bird Gardner.

Delegates to the General Society of the Order—Hon. James M. Varnum, Hon. Horatio Rogers, Dr. John Sullivan, William Dehon King, Hon. William Fiske Sheffield.  
Alternates—George W. Olney, Edward Henry Jackson, Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt, Henry Jackson Brightman, William Watts Sherman.

In the afternoon public exercises, commemorative of the anniversary of the birth of American independence, were held at the old state house. The exercises comprised prayer by Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, D. D.; address by Hon. Asa Bird Gardner, president of the society; reading of the Declaration of Independence by Rev. Alva Edwin Carpenter, S. T. D.; song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," by Augustus Franklin Arnold; address, "The French Alliance," by Charles Howland Russell, LL. B.; song, "America," benediction by Rt. Rev. Sidney Catlin Partridge, D. D., bishop of Kyoto, Japan.

The society held its annual dinner at the Casino in the evening when a number of distinguished gentlemen were present as guests. There was a number of speakers who took their topics from matters of a historical nature and the remarks were very interesting. In the next issue of the Mercury there will be published some of the addresses at the banquet and at the afternoon meeting.

## Edward Buffum Injured.

Mr. Edward Buffum, formerly of this city, is in the Roosevelt Hospital in New York suffering from a badly lacerated knee as the result of a collision between the motor cycle that he was riding and an automobile. His injuries are serious but the surgeons are hopeful of saving the leg if blood poisoning can be averted.

Mr. Buffum is a valued employee of the Consolidated Manufacturing Company of Toledo, makers of motor vehicles, and was a participant in the motor contests that are being held in New York. While on his way to the grounds where the contests are being held he was run into by an automobile and the brake lever of his machine was driven into his knee cap. He was removed to the Roosevelt Hospital and prompt attention given him. An operation was necessary and it was at first feared that amputation would be necessary but it is now believed that if no further complications set in the limb can be saved.

Mrs. Buffum, who was in Newport as the guest of her brother, Mr. Edward Griffith, was notified by telegraph and started at once for New York. Mr. Buffum is a native of Middletown and has a host of friends and relatives in this vicinity.

## Band Concerts.

The programme for the open air band concerts for the summer, as arranged by the park commission is as follows:

Thursday, July 7, Mall, Military Band.

Sunday, July 10, Morton Park, Training Station Band.

Tuesday, July 12, Mall, Newport Band.

Thursday, July 14, Touro, Military Band.

Sunday, July 17, Morton, Training Station Band.

Tuesday, July 19, Battery, Newport Band.

Thursday, July 21, Mall, Military Band.

Sunday, July 24, Morton Training Station Band.

Tuesday, July 26, Touro, Newport Band.

Thursday, July 28, Mall, Military Band.

Sunday, July 31, Morton, Training Station Band.

Tuesday, August 2, Touro, Newport Band.

Thursday, August 4, Mall, Military Band.

Sunday, August 7, Morton, Training Station Band.

Tuesday, August 9, Touro, Newport Band.

Thursday, August 11, Mall, Military Band.

Sunday, August 14, Morton, Training Station Band.

Tuesday, August 16, Battery, Newport Band.

Wednesday, Aug. 17, Mall, Citizens' Band.

Thursday, August 18, Touro, Citizens' Band.

Monday, August 22, Battery, Citizens' Band.

Tuesday, August 23, Mall, Citizens' Band.

Thursday, August 25, Battery, Citizens' Band.

Tuesday, August 30, Touro, Citizens' Band.

Hart's cottage list makes a valuable book of reference.

## Portsmouth.

Almy-Griswell.

A pretty home wedding took place Tuesday at four o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Freeman Griswell, when their second daughter, Miss Ethel Griswell became the wife of Mr. Levi Almy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Almy. The bride was daintily attired in a gown of Persian lawn trimmed with white satin ribbons and lace and carried a shower bouquet of tea roses. She was attended by Miss Rhoda Wyatt of Attleboro, Mass., who was dressed in light blue with trimmings of lace, carrying a bouquet of white carnations. Mr. Gideon W. Almy performed the offices of best man. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Rev. John N. Geisler of Hope, R. I., brother-in-law of the bride. About 90 guests were present including friends from Newport, Barrington, Hope, R. I., Providence and Tiverton. There was a fine display of presents including many sums of money. Mr. Almy's fellow employees at the power house presented him with a handsome Morris chair. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Almy will make their home with Mrs. Almy's parents for the present.

The novel and spectacular play "Bibi, a Comedy of Toys," which was given last Tuesday at Oakland Hall, under the efficient direction of Mrs. Allen Jacobs, was a pleasing success and was largely attended, many being obliged to stand. The cast was excellent and included 35 young people and children who were mainly of the parish and Junior Auxiliary of Holy Cross Chapel. The four drills were very pleasing especially those of "the paper dollies," by six young ladies very daintily attired in delicate shades of crepe paper, with crepe paper hats and decorated hoops; "the jumping jacks" by six small boys in green and red costumes with wands (the suits being profusely trimmed with small bells); and the drill of the "letter blocks." The patriotic solo drill with flag was also a novelty. The musical accompaniment for "Bibi" was by Miss Flora White and the music for the dancing after the performance by Mrs. Dowling of Newport. Lemonade was served to all who wished. A special car had been secured to give a free transportation to all who desired to return to Newport at 11.30.

The unusual sight of a deer was seen Monday morning crossing the field between the Main road and Green street. As there is \$500 fine for killing deer it is probable that the life of the animal is safe. It apparently showed no signs of fear.

The baseball game between the single men and married men, played "the fourth" at Dr. Conway's, proved very interesting and exciting, and resulted in the score of 27 to 13 in favor of the married men. The pitchers included a man from the Townsend Industrial team from Newport and an ex-baseball man from Kingston, Copley.

There was a large gathering on the East shore just above Stone Bridge Sunday last to witness the baptismal service which was administered by the pastor of the Central Baptist Church to a class of 30 candidates. The service was musical and was given by the singing evangelist Mr. Stout. It was estimated that there were several hundred people present.

A patriotic gathering was held on the afternoon of Fourth of July at the Social Studies at Bristol Ferry comprising about a hundred adults and children. A fine programme which consisted of speaking, reading, and music was carried out, all of which had an especial bearing upon "the day we celebrate." The leading address, "Heroes of Peace" was given by the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of New York. There was also a march by the children with the flag salute.

The girls' club connected with the St. Paul's Church is preparing to hold a sale in September. The Ladies' Association held its last meeting before the lawn party, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Greene issued about 200 invitations to their "at home" reception Wednesday evening at their home at Stone Bridge.

Mr. J. O. Whitridge arrived this week at "Cresslands".

The following young people from Portsmouth graduated from the Commercial School of Shoemaker and Clarke, Fall River: Messrs. George Barclay, George Sweet, George Hazard Albro and the Misses Jean Barclay and Lulu Albro.

The new potatoes being dug, although good in quality and yielding well, are only bringing the price of old potatoes, two dollars a bushel.

Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt has just completed a fine new polo ground on Wapping road at his farm at Sandy Point. It comprises between five and six acres, and is in fine condition.

The marriage of Miss Mazie Chase, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase of "Wappling", to Mr. Frank Willard of Providence, is to be quietly celebrated in that city, July 18, owing to the serious illness of Mr. Willard's mother.

Fourteen young ladies from Newport are enjoying an outing at the "White Cap Cottage" Mutt Water Brook. Miss Augusta Chase was their guest Wednesday. The number includes many of the Rogers High seniors.

Mr. John Jenckes of Washington street who fell and injured himself severely early last spring is slowly recovering. His many friends were glad to see him riding out a few days ago.

At the time going to press Friday afternoon the Democratic National Convention had not reached the nominations but every thing pointed to the selection of Judge Parker of New York.

## Local Matters.

### Steamer Accident.

The dense fog that prevailed in Narragansett Bay and Newport harbor Wednesday was responsible for a number of accidents in this vicinity. Among the boats that met with mishaps of a serious nature in the fog were the steamer General of the Wickford line which went ashore on a ledge near Wickford, the What Cheer of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Company which went ashore up the bay, and the fishing steamer Geo. W. Humphreys which struck near Castle Hill.

The General left Newport on her 7 o'clock trip to Wickford and found the fog a serious problem. When a short distance from her landing she struck on a shoal and lay there. Her passengers were taken ashore in a launch and the passengers were brought to Newport in a tug. The steamer was floated Thursday morning and it was not believed that her damages would be very extensive. But in the meantime the line between Newport and Wickford has been suspended owing to the fact that there is no other steamer available for the service until the General is ready to resume business.

The fishing steamer George W. Humphrey struck on Brenton's reef early Wednesday evening. The steamer was on her way to this port with a load of menhaden and was slightly out of her course due to the fog. Her whistles were heard by other fishing vessels in the vicinity which stood by her and took off her crew. She struck in a bad place with a considerable swell running at the time. It could not be told at the time how badly she was damaged but there was reason to believe that her injuries would be serious even if she could be hauled off later.

Steamer What Cheer went ashore up the bay Wednesday evening and her passengers were transferred to a passing steamer and taken into Providence. There were the wildest rumors in circulation as to the nature of the accident but no one was in any way injured and all were easily removed without mishap. It is not apprehended that the steamer is seriously damaged.

Mr. Herbert Wilson, the well known builder, who was injured recently by being struck on the knee by a baseball while watching a game of ball, is at the Newport Hospital in a very serious condition. Blood poisoning set in and he was taken to the hospital to have his leg amputated but it was found that his condition would not permit of the physical shock. A consultation of the full board at the hospital has been held and while it is admitted that he is very low the physicians do not give up all hope of saving his life.

# Hearts Courageous

HALLIE  
ERMINIE  
RIVES

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

## CHAPTER X.

THE Marquis de la Trouerie was a huge success. Williamsburg's wealth and beauty vied in entertaining him, and no rout was complete without him.

At the Raleigh tavern, whose low wooden walls were kept a-throb with packs of new devillies brought by young bloods of the navy from the sloop of war Powey, come to anchor in York Roads, he was the center of observation when he dined. Commissions in the royal navy went for gold in that rotten reign, and their holders were younger sons with as much money to spend as the younger sons of the broad manors of Virginia.

Young Brooke, who, by aid of half the broken fortune harpies and rooks of London, had long ago run through all he could lay hands on and whose talk was always, "When I hunted at Tumbidge Wells with my Lord This," or "When my Lord That had me at Hendon castle for Easter," had now nobility near at hand to desert upon.

"A great man in France," he would enlighten the roomful, smoothing his ruffles, "favorite of Marie Antoinette's, they say, and as rich as John Dory. Egad, I'd like the pattern of the coat he had on this morning!"

As for the marquis, he took his honors quietly, superbly. More than once it was reported that he had dined privately with the royal governor, but he himself clearly thought it scarce worth mentioning.

An interesting story of a duel with Captain Foy gained currency for a time. The captain was said to have wounded the marquis slightly by foul means, but Foy was absent much of the time on business for the governor, and the story was forgotten save for the passing glamour it cast upon the new favorite.

The nobleman's preference for the beauty of Williamsburg was soon perceived, and very early Mrs. Byrd had begun to hint at broken hearts and the folly of young girls who set their eyes too high.

Anne herself was never so beautiful, never so brilliant, never so willfully captivating, as now, when a scarf of gaiety hid the passion of many hearts fermenting.

On an afternoon they two, Anne and Armand, walked slowly under the pines that stretched down from the gateway of Gladden Hall.

Just before the martletted gateway he stopped.

"You are cruel to me, mademoiselle," his voice was anxious, vibrating, longing.

"Why cruel, monsieur?"

"Ah, I need not tell you that!" he said, looking at her earnestly. "Is it that I have failed? Am I not somehow what you would wish in a nobleman? Is there something lacking?"

She shook her head. "No, no!"

"Yet something is different. I have searched so hard to find what it is. I have seen you at the routs and have danced with you, but you are not the same. At Greenway Court, there where the leaves were falling—I wish it could have been so always, us two, in the forest—you were kinder and not so cold to me!"

"Marquis! There was a splendor of color in her face, bent sweet to him. Her eyes, tinted and lustrous, were gay beneath the warm glimmer of her hair.

"Marquis!" repeated the young man, flushing. "I was not that to you in the forest. I found then that you were not like the ladies of my land, who know naught save grandeur and titles, but that you could be above such things, that you were such a one as I have dreamed must be somewhere. I ask you only to be to me as you were then—as you were that day when the governor came back—when I sat with you on the hillside. Can you forget, mademoiselle, that I am not just the same that I was then?"

"You are so much more. Then I did not know who you were."

"I would the governor had not come," he said. "I would have remained to you just the same as I had been—the same as when for one moment I held you in the broken coach, and that moment when I opened my eyes at Greenway Court and saw your face!"

She felt her hands trembling, her heart beating its way through her breast. His voice was very low as he went on:

"A man finds some time the one of all the world he would not have cold to him. He may never have seen her—her whom he has looked for all his life—the woman in his heart! But he always knows her when he hears her speak! He can never know when or where that may be. It is at the ball or walking in the street or riding in a coach. That day, mademoiselle—and it was before you knew—I was just M. Armand, not the Marquis de la Trouerie. I was not great then, but just a man—and unworthy!"

"No," she said, her tone tremulous; "not unworthy. That night at the tavern in Winchester—that was the bravest thing I had ever seen—the noblest! Do you think anything, anything, could make me forget that?"

"And you would have come to me! But now—now?"

She looked at him with a little vibrant thrill of pride. How sweetly blind he was! "Now?" she asked. "Now I can only ask you to remember that it was M. Armand, not the marquis, who knelt to you when you laid your hand on his head that night at Winchester, with the whippoorwill and the moonlight, and who told you—what he is trying to tell you now, what he tried to tell you when you saw him

## CHAPTER XI.

THE tension in Virginia was grown thin. Again and again the burly Earl of Dunmore prodded the assembly on the pretext of popular excitement. The burgesses submitted with a bow, and the fiddles played in their town houses. Dunmore thought himself a diplomat and went on winking his Tory favorites at the palace. But under the music was an ominous muttering.

News came of the king's speech on the opening of parliament. The colonies' protests were "unwarranted attempts to obstruct the commerce of this kingdom by unlawful combinations" and showed "a most daring spirit of resistance and disobedience to the law."

This pronouncement was received in Williamsburg with an intense astonishment.

And what, meantime, had Henry been doing?

Restless, eager, he had ridden hither and thither like a shadow—through courthouses calling the minutemen, overseeing the election of the committees recommended by the congress, at Albert's poring over lists with Jefferson, uniting north and south in a network of nerves, laboring, tireless and convincing.

It is a thing to note, since rebellion commonly springs from the people rather than from the quality, that it was contrary in Virginia. There the aristocracy was not Tory. There were few enough, like my Lord Fairfax, who, born noble, held nobly to their loyalty. Those who held with the king, besides the tond eaters, were for the most part the lower classes, officeholders, tradesmen who looked for sales, lawyers just over from London. The staunchest rebels were the great landed planters. Sedition was in the club room and the parlor. One must to the tavern bar for toasts to the king.

And so came about this strange thing: That Williamsburg, the miniature copy of the court of St. James, aping the manners of the royal palace, its old church graveyard and college chapel standing for Westminster abbey and St. Paul's—that this spot should prove "the heart of the rebellion." If this fact alone remained it might well make the world wonder at the enduring blindness of the king's ministers and whether God had not indeed covered their eyes because he would have it so.

It was little George cared for the actions of the first congress, halting, ineffectual, or for the petitions of British merchants. He had set his jaw. In vain the Earl of Chatham moved in the house of lords to withdraw the troops from Boston. Instead the colonies received a bill offering pardon to repentant rebels, and the patriots of Virginia heard with shocked surprise that this accepted Patrick Henry!

On the day this news was printed in the Williamsburg Gazette Henry and Jefferson met at Albert's and set out on horseback for Richmond. There, in St. John's church, the new Virginia convention, mindful of the bloody threats of the sinister governor, had elected to meet, and thither had gone a half of Williamsburg, leaving Dunmore with his troops at his palace to bite his nails in impotent anger.

The 23d of March dawned over Richmond's unwonted bustle in a quivering haze of intense blue, where cloud puffs swam like lazily pluming swans. Anne had arrived the night before at Goodland and drove in that morning in the Payne chariot. Spring was up, the earth quick with it. All along the way wild crab apple boughs drooped with clinging bees, and by the snake fence rows of peach trees had pitched their tents of bloom.

She met Henry in front of the Indian Queen inn and walked with him up toward the churchyard, now filling with a vast throng.

"Tell me," she questioned eagerly. "Will it come today?"

He looked down at her with that rare smile which seemed to be the higher part of him, gliding and transfiguring his other self. "What faith you have in me!" he said.

"I know," she answered. "I have seen it in your face. No one in Virginia can do it save you—none of them. It must be the voice before the arm."

"The spark before the explosion," he muttered, "and the train is nearly laid."

His hands moved restlessly. "I have longed—prayed—for some new overt act of Dunmore's that should be spark to powder. But he lies low. And it must come from us. You were right when you said that last fall at Winchester. Boston is trodden on, but she lies quiet. The colonies look to us. It is the voice of the south, of Virginia, that is wanting."

He stopped. Jefferson was hastening toward them. He bowed to Anne.

"Have you heard the buzz from London?" he asked Henry hurriedly. "Tis all among the delegates. 'Tis declared that our petitions to the king are graciously received, that all the acts will be repealed save the admiralty and declaratory and that North and Durlmouth will be replaced."

"Aye," burst Henry fiercely. "Another Tory tale! And they will waver again. Tom, Tom, it must be now or never!"

He stopped abruptly and strode across the churchyard over the matted ivy on the shrunken mounds and, threading his way between the old slate tombstones, upright like black lichen-covered lids, entered the edifice.

From her seat in the west gallery, whither Jefferson had taken her, Anne surveyed the scene below.

The first proceedings interested her little—the reading of Jamaica's late memorial to the king—and her gaze wandered. Through the open windows she could hear the hum of the great crowd about the building and catch a glimmer of the foaming James. The space below her was packed and full of a strange intensity.

Here and there she could see faces which she knew. The ladies of Richmond were scattered through both galleries. Fremont and young St. George Tucker were leaning over the rail opposite Jefferson and Colonel Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley sat together just below Peyton Randolph, the president.

Colonel Washington sat far back, hands on knees, quiet and meditating, and just below her Mr. Thomas Nelson shifted nervously in his seat, turning his eyes now there, now here.

Well to the front sat Richard Henry Lee of Chantilly, "the gentleman of the silver hand." The black bandage he wore over his hand fascinated her. She had heard it said he wore it to hide a wound he got swan-shooting on the Potomac.

Her attention came back with a start as she heard the resolution in answer to Jamaica that "it is the most ardent wish of this colony, and we are persuaded of the whole continent of North America, to see a speedy return to those halcyon days when we lived a free and happy people." As she looked down at Henry, Anne saw that he was scribbling on a scrap of paper.

There was a hush as he arose and a buzz of expectancy as he mounted the rostrum. He held in his hand the paper upon which he had been scribbling. Anne felt a touch of disappointment at the cold, measured quality of his tone. With that sleeker half smile which meant dissent he moved an amendment to the Jamaica resolutions. He read without a gesture, in pronunciation as plain as homespun. His voice moved evenly, almost carelessly, over the periods.

But as he progressed the assembly awoke with a shock, and Anne saw a certain ripple almost of alarm, surge over it. Henry had spoken the phrase, "our inalienable rights and liberties."

At that moment the speaker raised his voice, and the last words came challenge-like, the snap of a whip. "We do resolve, therefore, that this colony be put in a state of defense and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

Anne looked at Henry in the black clothes and tie wig which set off his face and drew a breath. The humility, the diffidence, the modesty of address were gone, and in their place was sternness. Even his voice had grown harsh, as though in menace, and on the convention, uncertain and wavering, those lovers of the "halcyon days," the menace fell. It was the plunge from hesitation to resolve, from expostulation to powder. The fire had fallen!

Henry knew his men. All these years he had been learning them, drawing them out, questioning, story telling, watching effects, experimenting in their emotions.

His eye held every man within those walls. He turned it upon Richard Henry Lee, and he, his polished oratory forgot, lurled a blent second at the chair.

Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, limping from the gout, and Colonel Richard Bland got upon their feet with arched brows, barking that such action was "premature," and at the word Anne saw a pale scorn burn Henry's face. These, who had so lately sat in the Continental congress, prated of "dignified patience," "filial respect and discretion," "the relenting of the sovereign," "the nakedness of the colonies."

Anne had afterward no certain recollection of how Henry began in answer. All impression was swallowed up in that thrill which held every hearer. It has been said that he spoke as Homer wrote.

"Shall we shut our eyes—we wise men struggling for liberty—and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us to beasts?" he cried. "Shall we, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the tidings of our temporal salvation? For my part I will know the worst, and I will provide for it. I cannot judge the future but by the past, and by the past how shall you solace yourselves? What is there in the conduct of the British ministries of the past ten years to justify hope?"

As he went on passion crept over his face like the wind that precedes a storm; his lean neck was scarlet and corded with white lines, and his eyes glared hollowly.

"Do you regard the insidious smiles with which our petitions are received? Be not betrayed with a kiss!"

Sitting in a quiver of feeling, with fingers clasping the gallery ledge, Anne felt the shaken pulses of the audience. Under the intrepid metaphor she saw the messenger of the colonial assembly standing before the king's attorney general entreating that Virginia had souls to be saved as well as England, and the British answer: "D— your souls! Make tobacco." She saw the colonies supplicating on their knees, spurned, contemned, spit upon. She saw the chains forging, navies building, armies gathering. She saw British ministers, like harpies, with cold eyes upon the green of the Americas.

Henry's voice had risen louder, more intense, and his colorless features and eyes of fire had become terrible to look upon. He sat upon the whirlwind. The very walls seemed to rock with vibrations.

"There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle we have vowed never to abandon until its object be obtained, then we must fight. We must fight! An appeal to arms, to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us."

Anne dragged her eyes from Henry's. Amid the sea there was one face that had not moved a line. It was Colonel Washington's. The stonelike, as immovable as a bishop at his prayers, his hands still upon his knees. It was as a soldier should be—cool of head and saving passion for the hand. And as a soldier he was slow to disengagement. But cold as he seemed when Henry bent the wills of that assembly and whipped the conservatives to the wall, there was a glitter in his eye that leaped to flame behind the quiet mask.

"They tell us that we are weak. When shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? When we are totally disarmed and when a British guard is in every house? Shall we still till our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We cry 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. Why stand we here idle? What do you wish? We are three millions of people, armed in the

your hand. Marquis, my most oblique felicitations. Colonel, I beg you will not disturb yourself. I will get my horse myself. Gentlemen, I bid you good day."

CHAPTER XI.

THE tension in Virginia was grown thin. Again and again the burly Earl of Dunmore prodded the assembly on the pretext of popular excitement. The burgesses submitted with a bow, and the fiddles played in their town houses. Dunmore thought himself a diplomat and went on winking his Tory favorites at the palace. But under the music was an ominous muttering.

News came of the king's speech on the opening of parliament. The colonies' protests were "unwarranted attempts to obstruct the commerce of this kingdom by unlawful combinations" and showed "a most daring spirit of resistance and disobedience to the law."

This pronouncement was received in Williamsburg with an intense astonishment.

And what, meantime, had Henry been doing?

Restless, eager, he had ridden hither and thither like a shadow—through courthouses calling the minutemen, overseeing the election of the committees recommended by the congress, at Albert's poring over lists with Jefferson, uniting north and south in a network of nerves, laboring, tireless and convincing.

It is a thing to note, since rebellion commonly springs from the people rather than from the quality, that it was contrary in Virginia. There the aristocracy was not Tory. There were few enough, like my Lord Fairfax, who, born noble, held nobly to their loyalty. Those who held with the king, besides the tond eaters, were for the most part the lower classes, officeholders, tradesmen who looked for sales, lawyers just over from London. The staunchest rebels were the great landed planters. Sedition was in the club room and the parlor. One must to the tavern bar for toasts to the king.

And so came about this strange thing: That Williamsburg, the miniature copy of the court of St. James, aping the manners of the royal palace, its old church graveyard and college chapel standing for Westminster abbey and St. Paul's—that this spot should prove "the heart of the rebellion." If this fact alone remained it might well make the world wonder at the enduring blindness of the king's ministers and whether God had not indeed covered their eyes because he would have it so.

It was little George cared for the actions of the first congress, halting, ineffectual, or for the petitions of British merchants. He had set his jaw. In vain the Earl of Chatham moved in the house of lords to withdraw the troops from Boston. Instead the colonies received a bill offering pardon to repentant rebels, and the patriots of Virginia heard with shocked surprise that this accepted Patrick Henry!

On the day this news was printed in the Williamsburg Gazette Henry and Jefferson met at Albert's and set out on horseback for Richmond. There, in St. John's church, the new Virginia convention, mindful of the bloody threats of the sinister governor, had elected to meet, and thither had gone a half of Williamsburg, leaving Dunmore with his troops at his palace to bite his nails in impotent anger.

The 23d of March dawned over Richmond's unwonted bustle in a quivering haze of intense blue, where cloud puffs swam like lazily pluming swans. Anne had arrived the night before at Goodland and drove in that morning in the Payne chariot. Spring was up, the earth quick with it. All along the way wild crab apple boughs drooped with clinging bees, and by the snake fence rows of peach trees had pitched their tents of bloom.

She met Henry in front of the Indian Queen inn and walked with him up toward the churchyard, now filling with a vast throng.

"Tell me," she questioned eagerly. "Will it come today?"

He looked down at her with that rare smile which seemed to be the higher part of him, gliding and transfiguring his other self. "What faith you have in me!" he said.

"I know," she answered. "I have seen it in your face. No one in Virginia can do it save you—none of them. It must be the voice before the arm."

"The spark before the explosion," he muttered, "and the train is nearly laid."

His hands moved restlessly. "I have longed—prayed—for some new overt act of Dunmore's that should be spark to powder. But he lies low. And it must come from us. You were right when you said that last fall at Winchester. Boston is trodden on, but she lies quiet. The colonies look to us. It is the voice of the south, of Virginia, that is wanting."

He stopped. Jefferson was hastening toward them. He bowed to Anne.

"Have you heard the buzz from London?" he asked Henry hurriedly. "Tis all among the delegates. 'Tis declared that our petitions to the king are graciously received, that all the acts will be repealed save the admiralty and declaratory and that North and Durlmouth will be replaced."

"Aye," burst Henry fiercely. "Another Tory tale! And they will waver again. Tom, Tom, it must be now or never!"

He stopped abruptly and strode across the churchyard over the matted ivy on the shrunken mounds and, threading his way between the old slate tombstones, upright like black lichen-covered lids, entered the edifice.

From her seat in the west gallery, whither Jefferson had taken her, Anne surveyed the scene below.

The first proceedings interested her little—the reading of Jamaica's late memorial to the king—and her gaze wandered. Through the open windows she could hear the hum of the great crowd about the building and catch a glimmer of the foaming James. The space below her was packed and full of a strange intensity.

Here and there she could see faces which she knew. The ladies of Richmond were scattered through both galleries. Fremont and young St. George Tucker were leaning over the rail opposite Jefferson and Colonel Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley sat together just below Peyton Randolph, the president.

Colonel Washington sat far back, hands on knees, quiet and meditating, and just below her Mr. Thomas Nelson shifted nervously in his seat, turning his eyes now there, now here.

Well to the front sat Richard Henry Lee of Chantilly, "the gentleman of the silver hand." The black bandage he wore over his hand fascinated her. She had heard it said he wore it to hide a wound he got swan-shooting on the Potomac.

Her attention came back with a start as she heard the resolution in answer to Jamaica that "it is the most ardent wish of this colony, and we are persuaded of the whole continent of North America, to see a speedy return to those halcyon days when we lived a free and happy people." As she looked down at Henry, Anne saw that he was scribbling on a scrap of paper.

There was a hush as he arose and a buzz of expectancy as he mounted the rostrum. He held in his hand the paper upon which he had been scribbling. Anne felt a touch of disappointment at the cold, measured quality of his tone. With that sleeker half smile which meant dissent he moved an amendment to the Jamaica resolutions. He read without a gesture, in pronunciation as plain as homespun. His voice moved evenly, almost carelessly, over the periods.

But as he progressed the assembly awoke with a shock, and Anne saw a certain ripple almost of alarm, surge over it. Henry had spoken the phrase, "our inalienable rights and liberties."

At that moment the speaker raised his voice, and the last words came challenge-like, the snap of a whip. "We do resolve, therefore, that this colony be put in a state of defense and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

Anne looked at Henry in the black clothes and tie wig which set off his face and drew a breath. The humility, the diffidence, the modesty of address were gone, and in their place was sternness. Even his voice had grown harsh, as though in menace, and on the convention, uncertain and wavering, those lovers of the "halcyon days," the menace fell. It was the plunge from hesitation to resolve, from expostulation to powder. The fire had fallen!

Henry knew his men. All these years he had been learning them, drawing them out, questioning, story telling, watching effects, experimenting in their emotions.

His eye held every man within those walls. He turned it upon Richard Henry Lee, and he, his polished oratory forgot, lurled a blent second at the chair.

Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, limping from the gout, and Colonel Richard Bland got upon their feet with arched brows, barking that such action was "premature," and at the word Anne saw a pale scorn burn Henry's face. These, who had so lately sat in the Continental congress, prated of "dignified patience," "filial respect and discretion," "the relenting of the sovereign," "the nakedness of the colonies."

Anne had afterward no certain recollection of how Henry began in answer. All impression was swallowed up in that thrill which held every hearer. It has been said that he spoke as Homer wrote.

"Shall we shut our eyes—we wise men struggling for liberty—and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us to beasts?" he cried. "Shall we, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the tidings of our temporal salvation? For my part I will know the worst, and I will provide for it. I cannot judge the future but by the past, and by the past how shall you solace yourselves? What is there in the conduct of the British ministries of the past ten years to justify hope?"

As he went on passion crept over his face like the wind that precedes a storm; his lean neck was scarlet and corded with white lines, and his eyes glared hollowly.

"Do you regard the insidious smiles with which our petitions are received? Be not betrayed with a kiss!"

Sitting in a quiver of feeling, with fingers clasping the gallery ledge, Anne felt the shaken pulses of the audience. Under the intrepid metaphor she saw the messenger of the colonial assembly standing before the king's attorney general entreating that Virginia had souls to be saved as well as England, and the British answer: "D— your souls! Make tobacco." She saw the colonies supplicating on their knees, spurned, contemned, spit upon. She saw the chains forging, navies building, armies gathering. She saw British ministers, like harpies, with cold eyes upon the green of the Americas.

Henry's voice had risen louder, more intense, and his colorless features and eyes of fire had become terrible to look upon. He sat upon the whirlwind. The very walls seemed to rock with vibrations.

"There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle we have vowed never to abandon until its object be obtained, then we must fight. We must fight! An appeal to arms, to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us."

Anne dragged her eyes from Henry's. Amid the sea there was one face that had not moved a line. It was Colonel Washington's. The stonelike, as immovable as a bishop at his prayers, his hands still upon his knees. It was as a soldier should be—cool of head and saving passion for the hand. And as a soldier he was slow to disengagement. But cold as he seemed when Henry bent the wills of that assembly and whipped the conservatives to the wall, there was a glitter in his eye that leaped to flame behind the quiet mask.

"They tell us that we are weak. When shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? When we are totally disarmed and when a British guard is in every house? Shall we still till our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We cry 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. Why stand we here idle? What do you wish? We are three millions of people, armed in the

min Harrison of Berkeley sat together just below Peyton Randolph, the president.

Colonel Washington sat far back, hands on knees, quiet and meditating, and just below her Mr. Thomas Nelson shifted nervously in his seat, turning his eyes now there, now here.

Well to the front sat Richard Henry Lee of Chantilly, "the gentleman of the silver hand." The black bandage he wore over his hand fascinated her. She had heard it said he wore it to hide a wound he got swan-shooting on the Potomac.

Her attention came back with a start as she heard the resolution in answer to Jamaica that "it is the most ardent wish of this colony, and we are persuaded of the whole continent of North America, to see a speedy return to those halcyon days when we lived a free and happy people." As she looked down at Henry, Anne saw that he was scribbling on a scrap of paper.

There was a hush as he arose and a buzz of expectancy as he mounted the rostrum. He held in his hand the paper upon which he had been scribbling. Anne felt a touch of disappointment at the cold, measured quality of his tone. With that sleeker half smile which meant dissent he moved an amendment to the Jamaica resolutions. He read without a gesture, in pronunciation as plain as homespun. His voice moved evenly, almost carelessly, over the periods.

But as he progressed the assembly awoke with a shock, and Anne saw a certain ripple almost of alarm, surge over it. Henry had spoken the phrase, "our inalienable rights and liberties."

At that moment the speaker raised his voice, and the last words came challenge-like, the snap of a whip. "We do resolve, therefore, that this colony be put in a state of defense and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

Anne looked at Henry in the black clothes and tie wig which set off his face and drew a breath. The humility, the diffidence, the modesty of address were gone, and in their place was sternness. Even his voice had grown harsh, as though in menace, and on the convention, uncertain and wavering, those lovers of the "halcyon days," the menace fell. It was the plunge from hesitation to resolve, from expostulation to powder. The fire had fallen!

Henry knew his men. All these years he had been learning them, drawing them out, questioning, story telling, watching effects, experimenting in their emotions.

His eye held every man within those walls. He turned it upon Richard Henry Lee, and he, his polished oratory forgot, lurled a blent second at the chair.

Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, limping from the gout, and Colonel Richard Bland got upon their feet with arched brows, barking that such action was "premature," and at the word Anne saw a pale scorn burn Henry's face. These, who had so lately sat in the Continental congress, prated of "dignified patience," "filial respect and discretion," "the relenting of the sovereign," "the nakedness of the colonies."

Anne had afterward no certain recollection of how Henry began in answer. All impression was swallowed up in that thrill which held every hearer. It has been said that he spoke as Homer wrote.

"Shall we shut our eyes—we wise men struggling for liberty—and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us to beasts?" he cried. "Shall we, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the tidings of our temporal salvation? For my part I will know the worst, and I will provide for it. I cannot judge the future but by the past, and by the past how shall you solace yourselves? What is there in the conduct of the British ministries of the past ten years to justify hope?"

As he went on passion crept over his face like the wind that precedes a storm; his lean neck was scarlet and corded with white lines, and his eyes glared hollowly.

"Do you regard the insidious smiles with which our petitions are received? Be not betrayed with a kiss!"

Sitting in a quiver of feeling, with fingers clasping the gallery ledge, Anne felt the shaken pulses of the audience. Under the intrepid metaphor she saw the messenger of the colonial assembly standing before the king's attorney general entreating that Virginia had souls to be saved as well as England, and the British answer: "D— your souls! Make tobacco." She saw the colonies supplicating on their knees, spurned, contemned, spit upon. She saw the chains forging, navies building, armies gathering. She saw British ministers, like harpies, with cold eyes upon the green of the Americas.

Henry's voice had risen louder, more intense, and his colorless features and eyes of fire had become terrible to look upon. He sat upon the whirlwind. The very walls seemed to rock with vibrations.

"There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle we have vowed never to abandon until its object be obtained, then we must fight. We must fight! An appeal to arms, to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us."

Anne dragged her eyes from Henry's. Amid the sea there was one face that had not moved



DON'T BE POOLED INTO DOING  
SOMETHING ELSE.

"After what I have taken and done it is no wonder I am glad of an opportunity to recommend what cured me to my friends."

I suffered intense agony from gravel for nearly fifteen years.

For five and six weeks at a time I could not work, the pain was so great. My kidneys and bladder were in horrible shape. My back ached so I could not sleep. I had no appetite at all.

I tried about every doctor in Syracuse but they failed to help me.

I used nearly all the advertised medicines without any benefit.

This was my discouraging condition when I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I used only four bottles and I consider myself cured. I have no backache at all, no pain in passing urine, my appetite is splendid. It helped me from the start and I gained twenty pounds in weight."

FRED HOFFMAN.

1811 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels. It overcomes the pernicious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not constipate.

Druggists sell it in New 80 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrofulous Diseases.

## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This is in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 5. It guarantees the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street.

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Farmers &amp; Gardeners

Attention!

## GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS.

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. This is true about local grown seed not being good has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are of the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Flagg's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

## Gray Enamelled Ware Prices.

30	Quart Dish Pan	55c
2	Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c
1	Quart Sauce Pans	15c
2	Quart Sauce Pans	15c
2	Quart Sauce Pans	25c
8	Quart Sauce Pans	35c
15	Quart Sauce Pans	50c
18	Quart Preserving Kettles	80c
2	Quart Preserving Kettles	25c
2	Quart Preserving Kettles	15c
2	Quart Pudding Pans	18c
2	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
2	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	25c
8	Quart Pudding Pans	

# The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 151  
House Telephone 508-5

Saturday, July 9, 1904.

The list of voters this year will be considerably smaller than it was last year in Newport, but probably there will be just as many votes cast in November.

One of the items of interest from the St. Louis Convention is that the Georgia delegation waved a Parker banner and the Rhode Island delegation tore it up. "Fitz" must be on the warpath.

The latest from the Japanese-Russian War is that the Japs have got Port Arthur completely hemmed in. Every commanding position is occupied by the Japanese troops and the question of the fall of the port is only one of time.

With four full fledged Presidential tickets in the field there will be no trouble for the voter to make his selection. The Republicans have Roosevelt, the Democrats Parker, the Prohibitionists Swallow and the Populists Watson. There are doubtless more parties yet to hear from.

Judge Parker is said to be the Wall Street candidate and the financial magnates are openly congratulating August Belmont on the success of his management. In the opinion of Wall Street Parker is a "safe" man. The Standard Oil magnates are also rejoicing as is also J. Pierpont Morgan, et al.

The various street car lines in this city must have carried nearly twenty thousand people on July 4th. When Benjamin Burton, a few years ago, started his one-horse Broadway omnibus line, the wildest imagination could hardly have dared to prophesy that twenty thousand people would be traveling over the same route in one day.

The city treasury needs all the safeguards that can be thrown around it. The action of the city council Tuesday night in repealing the clause requiring a three-fourths vote to appropriate money for any new proposition, is decidedly a move in the wrong direction. It lets down the bars for any wild scheme that a majority may wish to work through.

The Chicago Tribune says: "By a process of careful coaching Colonel Watson has brought himself into a frame of mind in which he expects to view with comparative equanimity anything the Democrats may do at St. Louis. But he reserves the right, if the occasion demands it, to throw open the door of the slaughterhouse and point to the open grave beyond." Perhaps he may find vent for his pent up feelings by writing another tirade against the rich people who come to Newport.

Charles C. Gray, insurance commissioner of Rhode Island, has made application to the supreme court for the appointment of a receiver for the Newport Insurance Company, for an injunction restraining the company from doing business under its charter, and for the dissolution of the company which is supposed to be insolvent. This company, while bearing the name of "Newport," is practically unknown in this city, no stock being held here and as far as known no policies having been issued here. The incorporators are New York parties.

The city of Baltimore proposes to make all the colored people ride in what are known as "Jim Crow" cars, but the colored people are retaliating by refusing to ride at all. If all the colored people of the city would come to such an agreement and stick to it, it would not be long before the railroads would compel the law to be repealed. When the pocket book is touched then there is something done. The colored people of Baltimore ought to boycott every street car line or any other public conveyance that discriminates against their race.

Here is the way a southern Democratic paper puts it:

"Even with Mr. Cleveland, sage Democratic newspapers admit that the result would be doubtful and the chances for success none too encouraging, but with any other candidate the fight is given up before the first shot is fired. The situation is a peculiar one. The most popular man with the masses of the Democratic party is also the only man who could possibly be elected. He is also the only man, to all appearances, that cannot possibly be nominated. The Democratic party is as determined to meet defeat as the Republican party is to win victory."

That paper evidently sees the "hand writing on the wall" and puts the correct interpretation on the same.

Secretary Hay, in his speech at Jackson, on the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Republican party, said of President Roosevelt: "Of gentle birth and breeding, yet a man of the people in the best sense; with the training of a scholar and the breezy accessibility of a ranchman; a man of the library and a man of the world; an athlete and a thinker; a soldier and statesman; a reader, a writer and a maker of history; with the sensibility of a poet and the steel nerve of a rough rider; one who never did and never could turn his back on a friend or an enemy. A man whose merits are so great that he could win on his merits alone; whose personality is so engaging that you lose sight of his merits."

## Enormous Gold Production.

The increase in the production of gold has been nothing less than marvelous. In 1878 the world's stock of gold was estimated at \$1,206,800,000. On January 1, 1904, the world's stock of gold was estimated at \$5,882,800,000. Here is a gain of \$4,676,000,000 in thirty years. The Wall Street Journal a few days ago published statistics showing that the gold production since the year 1800 had amounted to \$8,903,400,000. In all the preceding years since the discovery of America by Columbus, the total production was \$2,456,800,000. More gold has been produced since 1891 than in the three centuries preceding 1800. Of the total production of gold since the discovery of America, nearly one-half of it has been mined in the last thirty years, and of this amount 30 per cent. was produced by the United States.

But, while the enormous production of gold may well amaze us, the problem of its distribution puzzles us. Where has all the gold gone to that has been produced since the Lydians began to coin money? The world's production of gold since 1878 amounts for all except about \$800,000,000 of the present stock of gold in the world, and the production from 1880 to 1872 was more than double \$800,000,000. Where, then, has all the gold gone to that was mined before 1880? Apparently there is no trace of it anywhere, unless it be found in the art objects in which gold is used.

The amount of gold that goes into the arts and sciences varies each year, and its amount is by no means easy to determine. The director of the mint estimates that in 1902 the industrial consumption of gold amounted to \$75,764,400. The total production of gold in that year was about \$285,000,000, so that the use of gold in the arts and industries amounted to a little over 25 per cent. of the amount mined. Accepting this percentage as a basis for calculation, it would appear that of the total production of gold from 1492 to 1903, amounting to \$10,985,181,000, the proportion that went into the arts and industries was \$2,746,285,250. This leaves a balance of \$8,238,895,750, which should appear, it would seem, in the records of the world's stock of gold. But, as a matter of fact, the total stock of gold in the world on the 1st of January, 1903, was, as has been stated, \$5,882,800,000. This leaves \$2,356,095,750, of which there appears to be no trace.

Has this vast wealth been lost in the past four centuries, or is any large proportion of it still in existence, a hidden reserve upon which drains may be made in times of special demand? Various answers, it is evident, might be made to such an inquiry. Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of Chicago, last year hazarded a guess as to the disappearance of this large sum of gold, which he estimated in 1901 as amounting to \$1,500,000,000, but which, on the basis of the estimate which we have made for 1903, should be more than \$2,800,000,000. Professor Laughlin suggests that this immense sum is largely held in reserve "by great financial houses in Europe, and by many other private bankers, the character of whose business does not require them to make public reports of their specie holdings."

If Professor Laughlin's guess is correct, this is a fact of enormous importance. One thing is certain, that the amount of gold in the world must be very much larger than the estimates made by the Director of the Mint, show. In view of the immense needs of the various governments of the earth during the next few years, and of the efforts that are being put forth to put China and Mexico on the gold basis, the probability that there is more gold in reserve than appears in the records should inspire increased confidence.

## Supreme Court.

The supreme court has not had a very busy session this week, there being but one case ready for trial. However, this was quite a long one and attracted considerable attention from the general public.

Catherine Reeves vs. Probate Court of Newport was heard when the court met on Tuesday, Col. Sheffield appearing for Mrs. Reeves and Messrs. Brown and Nolan for the remonstrants. This case was an appeal from the action of the probate court in appointing a guardian for the petitioner.

An effort was made to show that Mrs. Reeves was addicted to the excessive use of liquor and required restraint, among the witnesses being her husband and daughter. For Mrs. Reeves witnesses were summoned from among her neighbors and acquaintances who testified that she is a hard working woman, not noticeably addicted to the use of liquor and thoroughly capable of managing her own affairs. The testimony of these witnesses was decidedly more favorable to the wife than to the husband, who did not appear in a very promising light.

The case occupied the attention of the court all day Tuesday and was given to the jury, of which J. J. Van Allen was foreman, Wednesday morning. The verdict was found at once in favor of Mrs. Reeves.

On Thursday there was not much business, the two cases of Wolf, Sayer & Heller vs. John T. Hengam being defaulted, apparently through a misunderstanding. Judgment was entered for plaintiff for \$203 in one case and \$104 in the other, with double costs.

The court adjourned on Friday to meet according to law.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbor's faults.

## Washington Matters.

President Roosevelt Goes to Long Island—  
Re-inspection of Excursion Steamers—  
Coming Campaign will be a Speechless One—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, 1904.  
The President left today for his summer home on Long Island where he expects to remain until the middle of August. Before departing he held an au revoir Cabinet meeting and interviews at the White House with all sorts of persons—politicians, office holders, Ambassadors, German princes etc. Gen. Black of the Civil Service was one of the callers and the President congratulated him upon his healthy appearance. The General assured the President that he had no desire to play second fiddle on the Democratic ticket, whoever might be nominated for President at St. Louis. He is now well satisfied with the office he holds. Naturally there has been some curiosity at the White House concerning the great Democratic riddle which is on the eve of solution. All admit that the Democratic situation is a hard nut to crack, and many fear that when the shell is broken Grover Cleveland will be found inside. Almost any kind of a rumor goes now-a-days, and the corridors of the White House echo that Judge Parker's name is not the one to conjure with; that Gorman is secretly for Cleveland; that Tammany is for McClellan; that Bryan will bolt and the sooner the better, etc. Even Chauncey M. Depew, when bowing to the Chief Executive on the eve of his departure for Europe to snatch a last nap of rest before battling in the campaign, announced it as his opinion that Cleveland will be the Democratic nominee. Senator Hausbrough of North Dakota thinks the same. South Dakota still to be heard from. Lou Payne has had a satisfactory interview with the President, and as he came out of the front door of the Executive Mansion he said: "Grover Cleveland will be the easiest of all Democrats."

In view of the "revela" made by the coroner's jury in New York, regarding the Slocum horror, the President has ordered that a re-inspection of all passenger-carrying steamboats be made at once. This caused quite a fright among the steamship owners, and they sent rush orders to Pittsburgh, Pa., for all the new life preservers which could be had. Pittsburgh has been doing its best, sending off 1,500 per day by express. This incident shows how negligently the inspection in New York has been attended to. As many men have been indicted for manslaughter, the public can afford to wait and see if any are ever sent to jail at hard labor.

Your correspondent yesterday ran across the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, ex-Senator Jones, who engineered the two brilliant Bryan campaigns. He has opened a law office in this city, and appears to be determined to go back to his native state, Arkansas. He is quite soured and very disgruntled over the Democratic situation, and particularly unhappy that he is so soon to be a "has been." He says many hard things about the Democratic party, which he has served for thirty years, receiving a very fair compensation therefor. It may be forecast that he will not make a very enthusiastic speech at St. Louis, at the opening of the convention. If he should speak what is in his mind some sharp things would be said. It is very hard for a man who has once been a Senator, and tasted the sweets of official life in Washington, to retire to political obscurity and his native town. He still clings to the sweet idea that he is just as big a man as ever he was. And perhaps he is.

Ex-Secretary Cortelyou, upon the recommendation of the President, will take a little rest before plunging into the labors of the campaign. He will go into retirement until about the middle of July, when he returns to this city with Elmer Dover, and opens Republican headquarters at the Arlington hotel. Subsequently offices will be opened in Chicago and New York. It is announced that the heaviest work for the Republican ticket will be done in the states of the middle west.

It is sometimes unfortunate to have a distinguished brother; unfortunately for the one who is not distinguished. The strange disappearance of Mr. Kent J. Loomis, brother of Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, and a messenger in that august department, causes some comment, although he was comparatively unknown in Washington. He appears to have been a "high roller," and stopped at the Raleigh, a swell hotel, and consorted with a wealthy man named Ellis, who said he was going to Africa to hunt elephants, American bobcats being too small game for him. It is supposed that Mr. Loomis fell overboard en route to England, when in a condition of James preservers from indulging too deeply in the pleasures of the table and the smoking room.

Prof. Foster, the well-known meteorologist, who has a desk in the observatory of the United States, has given out a long range forecast for the months of August, September and October. He predicts a series of big and destructive storms during those months which will come from the Gulf of Mexico. He predicts three cool waves for July. This is much more to the point than "showers with increasing cloudiness."

If all the real and possible candidates for Presidential nominations are any criterion, the coming campaign is to be a speechless one. Judge Parker says not a word; Gen. Miles, who has long lived in this city, is accused of being the "silent Miles"; Cleveland is said to have "withdrawn into his shell"; and before he was nominated Senator Fairbanks went softly about, reserved, dignified and wrapped in the solitude of his cloud-capped stature. Even President Roosevelt, it is declared, will not make more than one more speech. Secretary Hay always hesitates when it comes to talking. But the situation is not altogether hopeless. The public still has left Taft, and Shaw, and Williams, and Root, and Cocker, et al., with no end of Senators, who can say things at all times and places, and put to shame even W. J. Bryan.

The quiet and unostentatious marriage of Mr. Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, so soon after the marriage of his daughter to a son of Mr. Justice McKenna, came as a pleasant surprise to his wide circle of Washington friends. The ceremony took place at a little banquet in New Jersey, and the honeymoon is being passed in romantic fashion on the board walk and at hotel in Atlantic City, the venerable Justice appearing in a suit of white flannel and blushing like a rose. The new wife was a close friend of the first wife, and is already well known in Washington. The Justice would have taken the public into his confidence but for the dreadful newspaper men who have been marrying him off to various women ever since the first Mrs. Brown died.

## Middlemen.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. and Mr. Howard R. Peckham entertained very extensively "the fourth" at Mr. Benjamin Peckham's, Honeyman Hill; the gathering numbered about sixty. The piazza was tastefully decorated with red, white and blue bunting and in the evening both that and the lawn were lighted with Japanese lanterns. Supper was served on the piazza and in the evening there was an attractive display of fireworks and colored fire.

Two large tents were erected upon the lawn of Mr. Howard R. Peckham, Aquidneck Avenue, and in the evening the house and grounds were brilliantly lighted by a hundred Japanese lanterns. The piazza was also inclosed and made a cozy and snug retreat from the evening dampness. There was a continuous display of fireworks during the evening and a collation was served.

Mr. Alden P. Barker and family removed to his new cottage on Paradise Ave. last week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carpenter, Messrs. George and William Carpenter of Providence, who for many summers have occupied one of Mr. Barker's houses, have arrived for the season, having driven over from Providence.

Many people from the town enjoyed the band concert given in Newport the evening of "the fourth."

The Rev. John B. Diman sailed July 2d on the Lucania, from New York and intends to spend most of the summer in England, returning from Rome the latter part of August with his sisters, the Misses Emily and Louise Diman.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union are completing the arrangements for their anniversary lawn party which will be held Tuesday next, afternoon and evening, at the Methodist parsonage. There is to be a declamation contest in the M. E. Church in the evening. A quagab (howler) will be served on the grounds.

Miss Sarah Ward has maintained the annual custom of entertaining her graduating class from the Rogers High School, for several years, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward, Honeyman Hill. This pleasant custom was greatly enjoyed by her many friends last week.

Announcement cards have been issued of the marriage of Miss Emma Florence Rockett, of Newport, to Mr. Herbert James Peckham, of Middletown, the wedding having taken place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Albert G. Groff, on Second street, Newport, June 29. A reception will be given at the home of Mr. Peckham's mother, Mrs. Herman F. Peckham, July 14, at Sachuest Neck. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham are at present away at the mountains.

Edward M. Sullivan of Cranston has made application to the state board of harbor commissioners to remove the steamer Danielson from her wharf at Block Island where it is claimed that she is an obstruction to the City of Haverhill. The commissioners will look into the matter, but it is claimed that Newport county waters are out of their jurisdiction.

The officers and members of Emma Lodge, No. 17, Daughters of Rebeckah, paid a fraternal visit to the sister lodge in Bristol Thursday evening, making the trip by launch. There were about fifty persons in the party and they were most hospitably entertained by the Bristol Lodge, being given a reception that they will not soon forget.

Governor Bachelder of New Hampshire in welcoming the assembled educators at Bethlehem yesterday, did not fail to point out to them the desirability of the abandoned farms in the Granite State. School superintendents and teachers, having a longer vacation than almost anybody else, can best afford the luxury of a permanent country seat in the land favored of ex-presidents, ex-governors and ex-secretaries.—Boston Transcript.

## To St. Louis "World's Fair."

The Royal Blue Line have arranged two tours for the St. Louis "World's Fair" leaving Boston July 16th and 30th; the time as laid out for each tour is eleven days; every expense and detail is provided for during that time, including stoppage at the prominent cities in both directions, at total cost of \$75.00.

The success of the famous Washington Tours the Royal Blue Line have conducted from New England for the past twenty years, is a sufficient guarantee in itself that no effort will be spared to make the St. Louis trips as popular.

Drop a postal for itinerary and illustrated booklet of the Fair to Jos. P. Taggart, N. E. P. A., 890 Washington St. Boston, Mass. 7-3-16

## A MECCA FOR SHRINERS.

No more appropriate place could have been chosen nor a more opportune time selected than Atlantic City for the meeting of the Imperial Council of Atlantic Shriners. Atlantic City is a place of thousands in its summer season especially in the summer is that of fun and gaiety. There is every thing the occasion might demand at the famous resort town of good things it cannot be best. There is always fun on the board walk and piers and the bathing is unequalled. The boating and sailing facilities are the best and no matter which way you turn there is something doing. The hotels numbering more than 200 are marvels as hostleries and the typical "bonfire" is ever present. Each hotel is complete in its minutest detail and grill rooms, rathskellers, palm gardens, sun parlors, music halls and the like are featured at each house. Atlantic City is decidedly accessible to the pleasure of the excellent train service furnished by the New Jersey Central from New York. Fast trains leave station foot of Liberty Street at 8:40 a. m. and 3:40 p. m., making the run in three hours and reaching through the famous resort Lakewood. For the occasion of the Imperial Council the New Jersey Central has placed on sale reduced rate tickets going out on July 12th and 13th, and returning July 15th and 16th, and with the famous sea shore resort at its height there is no reason why everybody who goes there should not have a good time. For more information write to C. M. Hart, General Passenger Agent, New Jersey Central, New York City.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY 1904.		STANDARD TIME.	
Sun 1	Sun 1	Moon	High water
10 Sun	4 37	7 21	1 36
11 Mon	4 38	7 22	1 37
12 Tue	4 39	7 23	1 38
13 Wed	4 40	7 24	1 39
14 Thu	4 41	7 25	1 40
15 Fri	4 42	7 26	1 41
16 Sat	4 43	7 27	1 42
17 Sun	4 44	7 28	1 43
18 Mon	4 45	7 29	1 44
19 Tue	4 46	7 30	1 45
20 Wed	4 47	7 31	1 46
21 Thu	4 48	7 32	1 47
22 Fri	4 49	7 33	1 48
23 Sat	4 50	7 34	1 49
24 Sun	4 51	7 35	1 50
25 Mon	4 52	7 36	1 51
26 Tue	4 53	7 37	1 52
27 Wed	4 54	7 38	1 53
28 Thu	4 55	7 39	1 54
29 Fri	4 56	7 40	1 55
30 Sat	4 57	7 41	1 56

## Furnished Cottages

AT BLOCK ISLAND.  
AND HOUSE LOTS for sale and to let at reasonable rates. Address: H. W. MILLIKIN, Block Island, R. I.

# THE BETTYS OIL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

## EVANSTON, WYOMING.

Where this Company Own and are Operating  
TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED ACRES  
of these lands. We also own a large tract of the well known

## Kansas Oil Lands,

WHERE THE  
LARGEST REFINERY  
in the world is now being built. Our lands are  
SURROUNDED BY OIL WELLS  
AND FLOWING OIL SPRINGS.

The pipe lines leading to the refinery are laid to our land affording  
An Immediate Market  
for the oil from the wells that we shall drill in this field.

WELL NO. 1 in Wyoming is now drilling at a depth of over 1200 feet, and a superior grade of oil has been struck.  
DERRICK NO. 2 is now up ready for drilling upon completion of No. 1 well.

The United States Government's  
latest reports show the Wyoming oil to be of GREATER VALUE than that from any other oil field and it has averaged SEVEN DOLLARS PER BARREL for over four years, for the crude oil, and its great commercial value is attracting oil men and investors in general from all parts of the United States.  
Stock in this Company is sold on easy monthly payments and is certain to advance rapidly in value with the development of the wells now in progress and projected.  
Some of Rhode Island's best known business men own stock in this company.  
All questions promptly answered and information by letter or prospectus furnished by

L. L. BETTYS, Gen. Mgr.  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## REFERENCES FURNISHED.

## SIMEON HAZARD,

Real Estate Agent.

All details looked after carefully in buying and selling.  
DEEDS, MORTGAGES,  
LEASES AND WILLS DRAWN.  
Give us a call.  
40 BROADWAY.

## A Farm of 24 Acres For Sale at \$2400.

I have for sale a good farm of 24 acres of land, with good three room cottage, etc., for \$2400. This farm is situated on Conanicut Island, a short distance from Jamestown. This place would make an excellent chicken and poultry farm. Call upon, or write to

## A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
OFFICES—132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.

## Marriages.

In Jamestown, 28th ult., by Rev. C. D. Burrows, William E. Clarke to Ethel H. Alderson.

## Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., Elizabeth S., wife of Albert A. Wilbur.  
In this city, 11th inst., John H. Stevens, aged 71 years, 9 months.  
In Providence, 4th inst., Harriet J., wife of John S. Hagley, 67; 5th, Benjamin I. Gray, 79; 2d, Fanny A. widow of Eliza C. Dampitt, 75; 3d, Lucius Horton, 66; 3d, John McCready, 78.

## Your House May Burn,

When there seems to be the least reason to anticipate it.  
It ought to worry you enough to interest you in seeing us about an insurance policy. We have a large list of strong Fire Insurance Companies and can quote you the lowest possible rate.  
Call, write or phone.

## C. H. Wrightington,

31 BROADWAY, NEAR CITY HALL.

## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

## CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, get Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

## ACHE

Is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. It is a great relief to the sufferer. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In violent cases, five or six pills, sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on every box, 25c

& H. L. Brown

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.  
Newport, June 10, A. D. 1904.

WHEREAS, James Ellis, of the town of Jamestown, in the County and State aforesaid, has filed in said office praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between said James Ellis and Mary Ellis, now in parts to the said James Ellis, unknown; notice is therefore hereby given to the said Mary Ellis, to appear, in due time, to see the said James Ellis, at the Court House in said Newport, within the said County of Newport, on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1904, then and there to respond to said petition.  
CHARLES E. HARVEY, Clerk.

## S. NICKELSEN, GARDENER.

GENTLEMEN'S PLACES taken care of. Grading of new grounds. Hedges and shrubs at lowest prices.  
P. O. 383  
4-23-04 H CARROLL AVE.

## SHORTEST AND BEST LINE

TO—

## New Orleans, TEXAS, MEXICO & PANAMA

—IS—

Pennsylvania to Washington,

Southern to Lynchburg,

Norfolk & Western to Bristol,

Southern to Chattanooga,

Queen & Crescent to New Orleans.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars.

Excellent Dining Car Service.

Address

## New York & New Orleans

Short Line.

NORFOLK & WESTERN RV.

388 BROADWAY, N. Y.

For information and tickets,

W. B. BEVILL, G. P. A.,

6-18-04 ROANOKE, VA.



## BOOTS & SHOES,

214 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## & H. L. Brown





## The Girl at Devil's Tower

By ISOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McChes

The first time that Campbell saw her she was standing in the doorway of the schoolhouse, ringing a huge, hollow sounding bell, while the children scurried in all directions like a flock of frightened sage hens.

Campbell pulled up Cyclone and watched. There had been no school at Devil's Tower for over a year. The last teacher had been a young fellow from Kansas City. The two Chibouque boys did him up one day when he called Louis "a half breed ignoramus." Louis said he wouldn't be called any name he didn't know the meaning of. The risk was too great. So he did up the teacher, and the key was turned in the schoolhouse door.

Campbell stared at the new school-ma'am admiringly. More than that, when her flock was safe inside he rode leisurely up to the open windows and stared in them—not rudely, but interestedly.

She looked absurdly young perched up behind the rough plank desk. She was fair. A bunch of purple wild flowers was fastened in her hair. Jules Chibouque fired a tattered hat at the row of desks back of the teacher. It fell short of the mark and struck the bunch of purple flowers. Campbell's leg was half cut of the saddle when the girl called:

"Jules, you come here." It was a good, commanding voice. Campbell waited. Jules stalked down to the desk and was ordered to crawl beneath it in disgrace. A knothole offered golden opportunities, and Jules' tongue wagged merrily through it at an appreciative audience.

The little school-ma'am bent forward and gave the offending member a royal slap with an oak ruler. Jules howled in pain, and Campbell rode on rejoicing. Devil's Tower was to know discipline at last.

He found out at the Arrow Head ranch that she was old Colby's niece.



BE SWUNG HIS LARIAT STRAIGHT AT THE PONY'S HEAD.

and was boarding there. Also that she was nineteen, from Chicago, and her name was Ethel Maude Colby. The Colby did not affect him, but all the way home from the ranch and during the week that followed the name of Ethel rang in his ears like a refrain of half forgotten music.

Every day Campbell rode up the river road and looked in the schoolhouse window just for a glimpse of the pretty blond head. One Saturday night he started wildly for the Arrow Head ranch, and all the way home Cyclone kept pace with the joyous whistling, for he had been introduced to her, and she had blushed, and all the world was full of promise.

After that night Cyclone was ridden at a breakneck speed every afternoon from Campbell's ranch down at Five Forks to the bend in the river road, there to wait patiently and peacefully until a certain figure in a trim gray skirt and white shirt waist rode down the path from the schoolhouse on a black pony and greeted him with sky eyed pleasure.

"Reckon Tom Campbell's shining up to ye, Ethel," old Colby said gravely when the wooing was well advanced.

The girl laughed and bent lower over her books at the kitchen table.

"It isn't anything, Uncle Ben."

The old ranchman glanced at her keenly through the rifts of smoke from his pipe.

"Ain't it? Tom seems to think it is. Got any objections to him?"

"He's just a cowboy," she said, and looked up to find Tom Campbell's six foot two blocking the kitchen door. There was a look in his frank gray eyes she had never seen there, not of anger or defeat, but simply determination.

The following day, long after the last of the children had gone, the school-ma'am sat at her desk. It had been raining all day—a wild autumn rain that came in fitful dashes against the window panes, with now and then the heavy crash of thunder. The door opened suddenly with a bang, and Campbell entered, dripping with rain and smiling.

"I was just passing by," he began, as if he had not raced his broncho for the last five miles. "It's a bad storm and getting worse."

"I must go, then." She rose hastily and reached for her hat on the row of hats back of the desk.

He came over and leaned on the desk.

"No, you mustn't. Wait till it lets up a bit." He lifted her pearl handled pen tenderly and curiously, as if it had been a stray feather dropped from an angel's wing. "That's a mighty

pretty thing, ain't it?" He met her eyes suddenly. "Say, I want to know if you meant what you said yonder, about my being a no account, rough and tumble cowboy?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you meant it." Her lashes drooped guiltily under his steady gaze.

"I don't blame you. I know I'm different from your city bred, but love comes the same to a man whether he's a professor or a cowboy, you know. I'd make you mighty happy, Ethel, if you'd let me." His voice was low and tender. "Seems as if I don't want anything in life but you."

He bent nearer over the narrow, roughly painted desk, his eyes on a level with her own, but she looked away from him out of the little side window. It was splashed and blurred with rain, but she could see the faint outlines of the hills that lay like a barrier between the range country and the outer world. She had always hoped to go back some day, but the spell of the open and the glory of freedom stole over her with the low music of his voice. Somewhere in her heart she caught the echo to his own words and knew the power of their meaning.

"Seems as if I don't want anything in life but you."

A crash of thunder shook the little frame building, and she rose unsteadily.

"Will you please bring Gypsy from the shed for me," she said. "I must go before dark."

He hesitated.

"If you do, I shall go too. The dam up at Caribou run broke at 4 o'clock, and the river's racing like a mountain cascade."

It was nearly two miles to the old log bridge that spanned the river. Campbell did not try to talk. He took her silence and reserve as his answer, but his face looked almost stern in the shadow of his sombrero as he rode beside the black pony. As they neared the log bridge a vivid flash of lightning made both horses rear, and he caught Gypsy's bridle.

"We can't cross the river," he said. "You'll have to turn back."

"I can't," she answered over her shoulder, as the pony shook herself free. "The bridge is safe."

Before he could stop her she had ridden forward on to the frail logs, that shuddered and strained at the shock. There was a sudden rending, crushing sound, and the next instant the logs had parted and swept away on the foaming waters with Gypsy's terrified head and pawing hoofs showing between them.

One cry for help reached Campbell's ears, but that one changed all the world.

"Tom! Tom!" she called, and he headed Cyclone downstream in a race with the swollen, rushing river. As he came abreast of her he raised himself in his stirrups and swung his lariat straight for the pony's head. It fell and drew taut. Cyclone braced for the shock, as he had in many a roundup capture, and in a few seconds the black pony was stumbling up the bank, drenched and half strangled, but with her burden still safe in the saddle.

Campbell lifted the slim, fainting figure down and held her close to his arms, her white face on his shoulder. For one brief instant she seemed all his own, and he bent and kissed the pale, sweet lips that had so nearly drained the cup of death.

"Mine," he whispered beneath his breath. "Mine, just for now."

Her eyes opened, and she smiled up at him.

"For always, Tom," she said softly. "I'm glad you're a cowboy."

The Cheap Watch Habit.

"When cheap watches first came out," said a jeweler, "a man who carried one was as chary about showing it as he would be about exhibiting a white 'dickie' front to hide a fannel shirt. Now it's different. A man with a nickel watch will walk right up to a chronometer exhibited in a jeweler's window, pull out his timepiece and regulate it with as much pride and earnestness as though it was a Jurgensen. The fact that other men are looking over his shoulder regulating gold watches does not faze him.

"A man came in here with a dollar watch to be repaired. 'It will cost you fifty cents,' I said.

"Oh, go ahead," he replied. 'I'll save fifty cents anyhow. I've got a gold one at my uncle's. Every little while I drop around to take a look at it and pay the interest. I suppose I'll take it out some day. Meanwhile, I've got mighty attached to this one.'"

New York Press.

Trout Poachers.

A favorite method of trout thieves is to take a sack or bag, weight it with stones and place it, mouth up stream, in the narrowest part of the brook. Then one of the rascals comes down stream, wading, poking under the banks with a stick and scaring the trout, who rush down stream into the sack. This sort of thing, varied now and then by exploding dynamite under the water and gathering the dead or stunned fish, which float, has cleaned out some of our public trout waters. In other words, these thieves have robbed the public and have sold the proceeds of the robbery for their own benefit. The game laws are not nearly stringent enough. Fines never deter such rascals from attempting to reimburse themselves. Imprisonment at hard labor is the only antidote.—Harper's Weekly.

Attractive.

"Yes, his painting attracts a great many people."

"Great artist, eh?"

"No; just a house painter. He puts out a sign, 'Fresh Paint,' and every one touches it to see if it's dry."

Truth and Fiction.

Kwoter—After all, "truth is stranger than fiction," you know. Newitt—It may be stranger, but it isn't as successful. You never heard of truth going into "its twentieth edition in six months."—Philadelphia Press.

Essentially Accommodated.

She—Have you a copy of Prometheus Bound? He—No, ma'am, but we can get it for you bound any way you like. —Minneapolis Tribune.

## HINTS FOR FARMERS

To Tan Sheepskins.  
Wash the hide in warm water, remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface and loose dirt from the hair side. Now wash in strong, rather warm soapuds. The old time soft soap made from wood ashes is best. Either rub by hand or gently on a washboard. As soon as thoroughly cleaned and rinsed press as much of the water out as possible. Add the following mixture to the flesh side: Common salt and ground alum, one-fourth ounce each, and one-half ounce of borax dissolved in one quart of hot water. When sufficiently cool to work with the hand, add enough rye meal to make a thick paste. Spread the mixture on the flesh side, fold and let it remain in a shady, airy place for two weeks and remove the paste and wash. When nearly dry, scrape the flesh side thoroughly with a dull knife. Rub with the hands until the skin is soft and pliable.

Lice on Chickens.  
A small pinch of lard placed on the heads of chickens will knock lice off, and it will not hurt the chick. Lice are the bane of fanciers who raise pure bred fowls, and a great many ills can be traced to them. Bowel trouble, weakness of all kinds, going light, cholera, leg weakness in young cockerels, general debility and numerous others can all be credited to them. Lice revel in filth and there multiply and take the flock down in a hurry. The combs turn black, and their bodies get so light in weight that the owners think they are really "going light," which is but another name for consumption. The only way to successfully combat lice is to fight them all the time.—Farm and Ranch.

Curing Clover Hay.  
Last year I went into a five acre field of clover just about the time it was in full bloom and cut it down, says a West Virginia farmer in National Stockman. After noon the rake was started, and what had been cut before noon was raked up and put in shock. The evening's cutting was put up the next day. The hay did not look as if it was more than half cured, but as soon as I could I put it all in the mow. The hay heated considerably in the mow, and I felt a little uncertain as to how it would look when opened up, but when I fed it out during the winter I found that only where it got air was there any damage done. Nearly all of the hay was in good condition.

Keep the Cows Clean.  
The cows should be kept just as clean as possible. There is hardly any necessity of keeping cows with filthy flanks, belly, udder and teats, says a correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman. It costs barely nothing, except a few boards, a little time and energy, to fix the stalls or stanchions in any old cow stable so that the cows cannot get soiled. Of course some cows will soil themselves if they are obliged to almost break their necks to do it. In such a case it might be better to give the butcher a chance to do the "breaking," provided he is willing to pay a fair price for the privilege.

More Ash and Protein.  
It has been demonstrated that in the fattening of young hogs a ration containing more protein and ash than does corn gives better results than does a sole corn ration. This is something new to most hog raisers. It has been quite generally recognized that in growing the frame of hogs much protein was needed, but most people have assumed that when once the frame had reached a remarkable size a whole corn ration could be fed to advantage. Experiments made at the Iowa station apparently show the opposite.—Farm and Home.

Worms in Lambs.  
The greatest loss of lambs is due to tape, stomach and lung worms, and as these parasites are always most numerous in old pastures the proper plan is to frequently change pastures, says Wool Markets and Sheep. When attacked there are numerous remedies, but one of the simplest and best is two teaspoonfuls of gasoline in four ounces of sweet milk used as a drench twice about ten days apart. Cure must be taken to avoid strangling, and a good way is to use in a bottle with a lamb nipple.

Little Profit in Cooking Feed.  
The utility in cooking feed for animals, and especially for pigs, was given most attention in the days previous to investigations by experiment stations, says American Cultivator. Cooking feed is no longer regarded as an economical practice for fattening animals. However, for breeding stock and sick animals and for animals which it is desired to put into the very highest condition cooking may be practiced with good results if expense is disregarded. Pigs so fed show marked thriftiness and health.

Rape For Poultry.  
When properly cared for fowls will do as well as if not better in yards than when allowed the freedom of the premises, says a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. The care includes plenty of green food every day. Lawn clippings do very nicely, also clover, lettuce and weeds. I have tried them all and found that Essex rape is the best relished by the fowls and is as easily raised as any other green food.

The Breeds as Pork Makers.  
Results obtained in Maine, Massachusetts and Ontario show the feed eaten per 100 pounds gain by various breeds to be as follows: Poland-China, 407 pounds; Berkshire, 419 pounds; Tamworth, 420 pounds; Chester White, 500 pounds; Duroc Jersey, 522 pounds.

A Rush Order.  
An old woman in Cincinnati brought a worn-out Bible to a publishing house, explaining that it had been in her family 200 years. She asked the publisher to make her a new one just like it, adding that she was then going to market and would stop for the new Bible on her way home, winding up with a query as to how much it would be.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

Redfern's Brilliant Riding.  
Arthur Redfern is riding in the best form of his career this season. Last year he ranked with the top notchers, and he is now eclipsing the most brilliant of his exploits.

Redfern's latest feat was to pilot the \$50,000 "picture horse" Hermis to victory in the classic Suburban handicap at Sheepshead Bay. He won a stake of \$17,000 and \$75,000 in bets in that race for his owner, E. R. Thomas, the millionaire sportsman. Redfern is the leading jockey of the Thomas stable and is well worth his salary of \$20,000 a year.



JOCKEY REDFERN, WHO WON THE SUBURBAN WITH HERMIS.

tory in the classic Suburban handicap at Sheepshead Bay. He won a stake of \$17,000 and \$75,000 in bets in that race for his owner, E. R. Thomas, the millionaire sportsman. Redfern is the leading jockey of the Thomas stable and is well worth his salary of \$20,000 a year.

Fitz Has the Fight Fever.  
"The Grand Old Man" of the prize ring has got the fighting fever again good and hard. Down at Bath Beach, N. Y., Bob Fitzsimmons is "bitting the bit," so to speak, and tugging hard at the chains that bind him to a life of inactivity, because all the heavyweight, light heavyweight and middleweight championship aspirants, who loudly clamor for some one to fight, all crawl into their respective holes and pull the holes in after them when Fitz looms up.

"I dare you to come out and fight!" madly yells the "freckled freak," but as they all know of the pile driver power behind the old man's wonderful wall-p silence reigns supreme. No one takes his dare.

Bob Fitzsimmons is tired of "talking fight" and yearns for "real action." Though McCoy, Ruhlin, Hart and other aspirants for his honors have shown a desire to meet Fitzsimmons, none of them has as yet clinched a battle.

Ruby Rob has declared again that he is willing to meet inside of three weeks and in a six round bout in Philadelphia any of the men who declare they are anxious to get at him. The Cornishman is sincere, and it disgusts him that the fighters continually dodge his game after making such a hollow for a match with him.

Yachting Pointers.  
Among the new racing yachts seen in eastern waters this year are W. Gould Brokaw's Sybarite, purchased abroad and reported to be the fastest yawl ever built in Great Britain. She is one of the prettiest of Designer Watson's many beautiful vessels, and under a new name she will enter the Astor cup race, the long ocean race and other New York Yacht club events.

Among the well known yachts that have gone into commission are the eighteen knot Norma, which raced Kanawha off Newport last summer; Mr. Flint's Arrow, the big three masted Atlantis, back from her long cruise in the Caribbean; the Mindora, Celt, Kismet, the famous old Viking, now an auxiliary; the Lascia, Endymion, Wanderer, Aloha, Narada, Wacouta.

Among the American yachts racing abroad this season are Commodore Morton F. Plant's schooner Ingomar. She made the passage from Bristol, R. I., to the Needles in 15 days 9 hours 25 minutes and behaved well the entire trip.

Kiely, Irish Champion.  
Thomas F. Kiely, the champion all round athlete of Great Britain and Ireland and the present holder of several English and Irish records, arrived in New York recently. He came to America to take part in the all round championship games at St. Louis.

Kiely has a long record. He captured the Irish championship title every year the event was held, and it was finally abolished when no competitors were forthcoming to oppose the Carick man. He is the holder of eighty championships and the creator of forty records. His best record with the hammer is 151 feet 11 inches from the nine foot circle, and he has slung the fifty-six pound weight 38 feet 11 inches with one hand, which is the world's record.

Kiely's native place is Ballinacree, near Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary. He is thirty years of age, stands six feet one inch and tips the scale at 190 pounds and has a chest measurement of forty-two inches.

Ups and Downs.  
Lady (who is on a visit to her native town)—How is Mrs. Gubb? I haven't seen her in a long time. Hostess—She is having her usual ups and downs. Lady Visitor—And what may that be, I pray? Hostess—Oh, running up bills and running down her neighbors.—Town and Country.

Raising Her Salary.  
The Typewriter—You told me you were going to raise my salary last week, sir. The Boss—I know, and I did raise it. But I expect to have a very hard time to raise it this week.—Chicago Journal.

Prompt Action.  
Molly—When you spoke to papa did you tell him you had \$50 in the bank? George—Yes, darling. Molly—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—London Tit-Bits.

Genius.  
"Pa, what is a genius?"  
"A genius is a clever person who can steal somebody's originality and not be found out."—Chicago Post.

## French Republic

## VICHY CELESTINS

Known for "300 years" as the best natural water for the cure of all stomach disorders, kidney troubles, gout and dyspepsia.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN AND INSIST ON HAVING "VICHY CELESTINS" SO-CALLED "VICHY" IN SYRONS IS NOT VICHY

SOLD ONLY IN PINT AND QUART BOTTLES

## HOW TO OBTAIN

## SUMMER BOARDERS

There is in New York City one dully new paper which has made tremendous gains in popularity favor during the past five years. Its net cash paid circulation for 100,000 copies daily throughout every section of New York City (including Brooklyn), larger than that of any other recognized resort medium. This newspaper's readers are among the wealthy, and well-to-do, intelligent people—those who can afford and do take extended vacations in the country during the summer. It carries more resort advertising than any other morning newspaper, so the public naturally looks to it for information as to where to go. An advertisement in its columns is, therefore, exceedingly valuable and sure to produce results. This paper is

## THE NEW YORK TIMES.

"All the News That's Fit to Print." Write the Classified Advertising Department for rate cards, sample copy and suggestions as to the best manner of running an advertisement.

## Do YOUR CHILDREN ASK QUESTIONS?

Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. I won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers, not about words only, but about things, the sun, machinery, men, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to the use of the dictionary. Of course you want the best dictionary. The most evident proof of the New and Enlarged Edition of

## WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

If you have any questions about it write us. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., PUBLISHERS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts., New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly, C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

## Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.

Prepared, delivered, 36 bushels, \$4.50

18 bushels, \$2.25

Common, delivered, 36 bushels, \$3.50

18 bushels, \$1.75

Price at works, Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushel.

Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushel.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 121 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY, Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER OF MASON WORK, NEWPORT, R.I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at Calendar Avenue.

Rose Not Necessary.

He (passionately)—My whole being is aflame with love for you.

She—Not so loud, or papa will hear you and put you out.—Butte Bear Mountain.

## Fall River Line.

FOR NEW YORK, the South and West.

STEAMERS PRISCILLA and PURITAN

WEEK DAYS. Steamer PLYMOUTH SUNDAYS.

A fine orchestra on each. LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 9:15 a. m. Sundays, 10 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5:30 p. m., due at Newport 8:10 a. m., leaving there at 8:45 a. m., for Fall River.

FALL—New York to Newport direct, or via steamer to Fall River thence rail to Newport. Fortickets and stationers apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thomas street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent, C. H. T. T. General Passenger Agent, N. Y. H. O. NICKERSON, Supt. New York, C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF TIME On and After June 25, LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days and Sundays at 8:05 a. m. and 5 p. m. Providence for Newport, week days at 8 a. m., 1 p. m. Sundays, 8:30, 10 a. m. and 6 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 60 Cents.

Stop at Prudence and Concord daily. Supt. Transportation.

A. K. TILLINGHAM, President.

Newport & Wickford RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE. In effect June 1, 1904. Subject to change without notice.

Leave

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m. Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m.

Providence 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.

Newport 7:00 a. m., 10



## Stranded.

"Chug-chug!"

"Ugh-ugh!"

"Now, all together!"

"Chug-chug!"

But the heavy touring car, with several horse power working within and two men-power working behind, stood motionless, except for the wheels, which were slowly turning in a rural rut.

"Sh-h-h!" the automobile blew off steam.

"Whe-w-w-w!" the pushers did likewise.

It was a proverbial dark night. The

gases was an oozy piece of road between

Twinsburg and Bedford, also between a

hay field and a pasture, and the time was

between 8 and 9 o'clock.

"They are too heavy," muttered one of

the young men.

"Then we'll get out," cried the two

young women in chorus.

"Keep your seats!" called the young

man, "I didn't refer to you. I meant

that the machine and the road were too

heavy."

"And we have to lift all of one and a

good deal of the other," put in the

second young man as he knocked 27

pounds of clay from the left rear

wheel.

"Why don't you illuminate the lamps?"

asked one of the young women. "That

would make the auto lighter."

"And I've been told," said the other,

"that a lighted match dropped into the

gasoline tank has lifted many a heavy

machine. Won't you try it?"

"No, thanks," said the young man

who was looking for his right foot in a

pool of thickened mud.

"I don't believe we'll get home in

time to dress for that party," remarked

one of the maidens thoughtfully.

"No," chorused the remaining trio.

"I don't believe we will." And the

silence that followed was broken only

by some crickets who sang by the sycamore

tree at the roadside.

"Once more," cried the young man

who had just found his foot. "Now,

all together." The wheels did their

familiar turn, but the auto still stuck.

"Black!" exclaimed the youth whose

strenuous effort had caused him to slip and

fall into the roadbed.

"For shame!" cried the girl at the

wheel, "and you a model young man!"

"I look as if I had been modelled in

clay," he retorted. "Oh, if Michel

Angelo could only see me now! I guess

we'll have to give it up."

"I think you'll stick to it," said the

maiden in the rear seat as she gazed at

his new coat of clay diagonal. And just

then a farmer from the nearest house

arrived upon the scene.

"Rusted?" he asked.

"Yes," replied one young man, "but

not broke—and if you'll bring your

team of horses and pull us out of here

we'll make it right with you."

"Then I'll be right with you," cried

the farmer as he hurried away.

"I always did admire a country

road," said one of the girls with a

sarcastic smile.

"And here is an especially good one

to add mine," put in the other.

"This team will get you out," shouted

the farmer.

"But this team wouldn't," said the

taller youth, as he indicated the white

team that was still escaping.

"That night the parents of one of the

young men were awakened by a strange

noise emanating from his bedroom.

"They hurried to the door and looked in.

To their astonishment he was stooping

low with his shoulders firmly braced

against the foot of the bed, earnestly

trying to push it through the side wall.

"And all the time he was murmuring

"Now, all together! Ugh!"

## How They "Registered."

"You ought to have seen Harding Davis when he struck Cuba, said the old newspaper man. He was a show, two or three special made-to-order duck and khaki suits, pockets for notebooks, silver-mounted revolvers and holsters, pencil with gold chain attachment (so that he would not lose his professional implement in the wild charges and have to make his notes with a pointed stick dipped in blood) and all that sort of thing. Oh, he was a get-up regardless, and he registered at the hotel with a flourish."

"Richard Harding Davis and Valet, of New York."

"Another newly arrived newspaper man registered just beneath Davis' signature."

"Bill Gregory and Valise of Chicago,"—Portland Oregonian.

## The Mother of Measles.

The Democracy claims that the Tariff is the mother of trusts. By the same token the women are the mothers of measles. The mothers of the land have children and the children have measles. Kill all the industries of the land and you will surely kill all the trusts and abolish all the mothers of the land and you will just as surely abolish all the measles.—Gov. Jno. N. Irwin, at Iowa Republican State Convention.

## Don'ts in Haying Time.

Don't wait for your neighbors before beginning operations.

Don't cut your grass too green or when too ripe.

Don't cut when the dew is on. Dew is worse than a shower for injuring the color.

Don't let on tomorrow for a hay day. Today is all you are sure of.

Robert Webster Jones writes as follows in the June Housekeeper: "Physiologists say that the Japanese present the most perfect physique of any race in the world. Most of the diseases common to the accident are unknown among the subjects of the Mikado, and a happy condition they themselves attribute to the fact that they eat sparingly and only of plain, nourishing food. A Japanese visiting in this country is appalled at the quantity of food consumed by his host in one day. Especially is he impressed with the extravagance of our poorer people. In Japan meat once a day is a luxury even among the well-to-do."

Prof. William James, of Harvard, is very popular with the more intelligent and studious of the undergraduates. When these young men, however, make rash or bold or unbecoming assertions, he does not hesitate to take them down. Not long ago sophomore Alfred some rather abstruse views before Prof. James. "You," the latter said, "are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe—how—what I understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Prof. James.

The sound deadening arrangements made on the Berlin elevated railway include felt under and at the sides of the rails, wood-filled car wheels, steel and wood ties resting on sand and cork-lined floor planks. Low rails on deep wooden stringers proved most effective.

## Henry Clay's Friends.

George Wood was in Pittsburg some months ago, when he was asked to stop in a bank and pay his respects to the president, who was 91 years old, and the honored head of the banking community.

"Mr. Wood, you are from Louisville," said he venerable gentleman. "I was in Louisville only once, and that was many years ago. I called at the Bank of Kentucky and met its president, Virgil McKnight, a man known and respected by bankers everywhere."

"While in Mr. McKnight's office," Henry Clay was announced.

"Tell Mr. Clay to come in at once," said Mr. McKnight, rising.

"I saw enter a tall man of dignified and graceful bearing."

"Mr. Clay did not delay a moment, but came at once to the purpose of his call."

"Mr. McKnight," said he, "I have endorsed a note which is due in this bank in the next few days. It is for \$5,000. My friend is unable to meet the note, and I shall have to pay it."

"I have come to ask if the bank will carry that paper for me until I can arrange to settle the debt."

"Mr. Clay," said Mr. McKnight, "you are mistaken. You are not on any paper in this bank."

"Mr. Clay was greatly surprised, and said he certainly could not be mistaken."

"Mr. McKnight then said: 'This bank held that paper, but it was paid in full some days ago by friends who desire to be unknown.'"

"Did ever a man have such friends as I?" said Mr. Clay, with emotion. "I have come from a similar visit to the Bank of Louisville, and have been told by the officers that all the paper on which I am indorser has been paid."

—Louisville Evening Post.

## Losses in Famous Battles.

Sedan—Germans, 9,000; French, 33,000.

Plevna—Russians, 40,000; Turks, 55,000.

Leipzig—French, 55,000; allies, 58,000.

Sadowa—Prussians, 9,063; Austrians, 44,000.

Shiloh—Union 13,573; Confederate, 10,699.

Bull Run—Union, 2,952; Confederate, 1,752.

Borodino—French, 30,000; Russian, 40,000.

Waterloo—French, 31,000; allies, 22,000.

Wagram—French, 30,000; Austrian, 35,000.

Antietam—Union, 12,469; Confederate, 25,899.

Blenheim—French, 40,000; allies, 13,000.

Wilderness—Union, 37,737; Confederate, 11,400.

Gettysburg—Union, 23,188; Confederate, 31,621.

Stone River—Union, 11,578; Confederate, 25,500.

Chickamauga—Union, 15,851; Confederate, 17,904.

Hohenlinden—French, 5,000; Austrian, 20,000.

Solferrino—French-Sardinian, 18,000; Austrian, 20,000.

Chancellorsville—Union, 18,030; Confederate, 12,281.

The bloodiest ten minutes of the Civil war was the first rush of the Union army against Lee's impregnable works at Cold Harbor. In half an hour the Union loss was about 7,000 and probably 3,500 fell in ten minutes.

## Sage Advice.

It is not often that a lawyer gives better advice, and asks no fee for it, than was once given by a certain Irish judge, who must have had both a sense of justice and a sense of humor.

A turbulent peasant was a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected on the witness's character.

"If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick!" was the answer.

The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, and ending up with the query:

"What would your lordship advise me to do?"

"If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."

## Ingatitude.

Senator Foster walked into the capital the other day with a look of annoyance on his face.

"What is the matter, senator? You appear disgruntled," someone said.

"I am disgruntled," Senator Foster returned. "I'll never give money to a street beggar again as long as I live."

There was a very pitiful looking beggar on the avenue a few minutes ago, my heart going out to him. I stopped to hand him a few small coins. I had some difficulty, I admit, in finding my change, but was that any reason for the beggar to frown at me and say impatiently:

"Hurry up, sir. I've lost several customers while you've been muddling over them pennies."—Boston Record.

## Examination Answers.

A Brooklyn school-teacher sends some answers given by boys in her class in a recent examination:

"What are zones?"

"Zones are belts running around the earth giving out heat as they run."

"What do we import from Italy?"

"Italians."

"Of what is the earth composed?"

"Sand, water, air and human beans."

"What causes a fog?"

"The night before."

"Name two things we import from Africa?"

"Ivory and Ivory soap."

A new camera of great importance, photographing for the first time the interior or back of the eye, is the production of Dr. Walther Thorne of Berlin. A telescope-like focusing glass gives accurate focus under the mild illumination of a kerosene lamp, and a flashlight ignited by an electric spark impresses the image upon the plate. The pictures show the variations of the eye in health and disease, making it possible now to follow the progress of disease step by step.

"Where are your good manners, sir?" demanded the austere woman, who was clinging to a strap.

"Left 'em at home, ma'am," said the hardened villain in the seat.

"Fah! I got nothin' with me but just the ordinary street car manners."—Chicago Tribune.

## How Others See It.

The Long Branch town committee on publication and statistics after a thorough investigation decided to spend \$1,000 for advertising the summer attractions of that resort in the metropolitan newspapers instead of putting the amount into booklets and circulars as has been done in Newport.

The disposition to discard handbills and circulars for advertising purposes is increasing everywhere. A majority of the largest advertisers in England have decided to use newspapers altogether. The managing director of a big London advertising firm, which probably uses the majority of handbills and circulars in England, is reported to have said recently: "It is quite futile in these days to attempt to obtain business by circulars. People are not only tired of them, but regard them as such a nuisance that immediately after they are dropped into the letter box or flung into the hallway they are picked up by a servant and transferred to the dust bin."

The same idea has taken hold of advertisers in the south. Birmingham, Ala., has an ordinance making it a misdemeanor, punishable by arrest and fine, for a person to distribute handbills or circulars in public places or along public thoroughfares. Such methods are being considered primitive and out of date everywhere.

## In a Russian Village.

As a rule a Russian village is a forlorn looking place, where the huts of the poor are made of birch logs, with upright oak or pine supports, ceilings of strips of the same birch, and walls lined with the crude branches. In these huts there are only two rooms, one of which is not for every day use, but is kept for best occasions. This room houses those sacred images of the Greek church, to which belong the great mass of the Russian people. The other room serves the purpose of both kitchen and sleeping room, as one of the principal ideas of comfort for these people, ice and snow bound for so many months of the year, is warmth. In many of the peasant huts no beds are used, and the top of a great stove, reaching nearly to the roof, is a much sought sleeping place. Although the conditions make dirt and the accompanying results inseparable in the domestic life of these peasants, they are devotedly fond of bathing. The vapor bath in a crude form may be called a national institution and a not unusual picture of a summer afternoon is the village pond filled with women and children bathers.—From Social Service.

## For the Horseless Age.

As times and fashions change, proverbs may be expected to change with them.

"Done your Christmas shopping yet?" asked Jones.

"None of any consequence to do," answered Brown. "My family is traveling in Europe."

"Well," rejoined Jones, shrugging his shoulders, "a short automobile is soon dusted."

## Juvenile Lore.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime.

"Oh, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

## A Busy Specialist.

Adelle—So Terrell's dealing in stocks? What is his specialty?

Horrid—Explaining how the market happened to go the other way.—Puck.

A preacher advocating the support of a charitable object prefaced the circulation of the boxes with this address:

"From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenance there is only one thing I am afraid of: that some of you may feel inclined to give too much, it is my duty to inform you that justice should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts."

The result was an overflowing collection.—London Tit Bits.

Our sufferings were appalling. For two days food and water had failed us.

And now the road was become so rough that at times our touring car, stanch and powerful though it was, could not keep ahead of its smell.

We had all faced death before, but never a death like this.—Puck.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape."

"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Shoppen—I want five pounds of sugar, please.

Grocer—Yes'm; anything else?

Mrs. Shoppen—No, that's all; I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy a package.

Grocer—O! it'll only weight three or four pounds, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

A Russian woman who returned to St. Petersburg from Port Arthur after the first bombardment comments on the curious behavior of the cats in that place. While the bombardment lasted they acted like tigers, yelling, spitting and fighting; but subsided as soon as the missiles and the noise ceased.

"I don't any ice," she said.

"Ice!" exclaimed the ice man in a perplexed way. "Who said ice? I merely wish to contract with you to leave a little wet spot on your back porch these warm mornings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hewitt—Do you believe in this theory that marriage prolongs life?

Jeewett—Sure; I've known a number of ministers who would have staved to death if it hadn't been for wedding fees.—Town Topics.

"Discharged Wiggins this morning."

"Discharged Wiggins! Why, he's the best servant we ever had!"

"I can't help that. He neglected to boil the water in which he washed the dog."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"But you know, Miss Van Washington, it has been decided that the battle of wounded toe was fought in Vermont."

"Well, anyway, we had a great many perfectly lovely battles in New York."—Life.

## Women's Dap't.

The Rights of Women Ignored by the Republican Party.

Every delegate to the National Republican Convention received a circular letter from the National Woman Suffrage Association asking them to place in their platform a plank favoring the subordination of an amendment to the Federal Constitution forbidding disfranchisement on account of sex.

In this letter they called attention to the fact that while the United States gave the watchword of democracy to the world, other nations are applying our principles more rapidly than our own. The letter says:

"Women possess the right to vote in all elections, except for members of Parliament, in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Norway and Sweden. They possess limited suffrage with property qualifications in nearly every other country in Europe. Since the last presidential election in the United States, Australia, by act of parliament, has out-Americanized America by extending the Federal suffrage to the commonwealth to 850,000 women."

"The idea of a republic is the idea of people governing themselves and that idea includes another, that of people possessing a sufficient amount of intelligence and virtue to be capable of self-government. Yet our country witnesses the inconsistency of 2,320,000 men, or 11 per cent. of the total number of men, eligible to vote, who are totally illiterate while millions of educated and intelligent women are disfranchised. There is no man so idle, so corrupt, or so vicious that he is not permitted to vote, yet there is no woman except in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, so intelligent, so industrious, so moral and law abiding that she is not compelled to obey the law with no political right to assert, or object."

A delegation of ladies from the National Woman Suffrage Association appeared before the platform committee and were courteously listened to as they might have listened to any feeble-minded person whom they felt must be endured, but whose opinion they had no thought of considering.

After listening to the pleas for justice from these women, which they as usual ignored, the committee turned their attention to righting the intolerable wrong of depriving the black man in the south of his right to self government.

"And right here we again offer the prayer of Rev. Lyman Beecher who said: 'Oh! we pray that we may not despise our Rulers, but we also pray that they may not act so that we cannot help it.'—Elihu Monroe Babcock.

## No Need of Economy.

"I can't see," said a fastidious gentleman to Joaquin Miller, who was reading a novel by Bret Harte, "how an immortal being can waste his time on such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said Miller, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Why, of course you are!"

"In that case," returned the Californian, grimly, "I don't see why I

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to  
Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
Care Newport Historical Rooms,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904.

## NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

CONTINUED.

The second son Joseph West, above said, was md. 1701, 2d. of 5th. mo. (in margin 28; 2, 1704, which is the time the record of marriage was made) to Ann Lippincott, both of Shrewsbury, at the house of John Lippincott.

Witnesses who signed the marriage certificate were:

Right hand column—Joseph Wing (groom), Ann Wing (bride), John Lippincott (bride's father), Ann Lippincott (bride's mother), Jeremiah Easton (groom's mother), John Lippincott, Jr. (bride's brother), Preserve Lippincott (bride's uncle), Robert Lippincott (bride's brother), John West (groom's brother-in-law), Jane West (groom's sister), Remembrance Lippincott (uncle to bride), Margaret Lippincott (sister of bride), Margaret Lippincott, Jr. (Richard Lippincott (grandfather of bride), Mary Lippincott (bride's sister), Sarah Lippincott (dau. of Remembrance), and thus cousin to bride, Joseph Parker (bride's cousin by md. to Eliz. Lippincott), Elizabeth Parker (sister of Sarah, above said).

Left hand column—John Hance (father-in-law to widow of Thomas Billie), George Corlies (md. John Hance dau. Deborah), William Austin (Austin, Austine), Francis Borden (father-in-law of John Hance Jr.), Thomas White (md. Dinah Lippincott dau. John), Thomas Woodmansee, Elizabeth Hillborn, Faith Hunt, Hannah Woodmansee, Mary White, Mary Leeds, Nathaniel Parker, (brother-in-law to Eliz. Lippincott) Parker, William Brinley (md. Eliz. Corlies, sister of George), Amos White (md. Jane Borden), Thomas Huett (father-in-law of John Lippincott) John Leonard, Thomas Woolley, George Allen, Elizabeth Horton, Susanna Blockley, Jane Borden, Elizabeth Hance.

Knowledge on abovesaid Parkers comes thus:

George Parker came 1635 in ship Elizabeth and Ann, he married Francis.

Children were:

(a) Joseph Parker b. 1675; md. Elizabeth Lippincott.

(b) Mary Parker b. 1677; d. y.

(c) Nathaniel Parker b. 1679; md. 1708; d. 1723.

(d) Peter Parker b. 1681; md. Elizabeth Slocom, dau. Nathaniel, wife d. in Shrewsbury, N. J. 27th of the sixth mo. 1708.

Joseph Parker (a) md. Elizabeth (Lippincott, dau. of Remembrance) ch. were; all born in Shrewsbury, N. J.:

(e) Margaret Parker b. 20; 1; 1690.

(f) Joseph Parker b. 20; 1; 1701.

(g) Benjamin Parker b. 22; 1; 1705.

(h) Peter Parker b. 10; 6; 1708.

(i) William Parker b. 13; 8; 1709.

(k) James Parker b. 30; 10; 1714.

(l) Elizabeth and Meribah Parker, twins, b. 14; 11; 1716.

(m) Phebe Parker b. 1; 1; 1718.

Peter Parker (d) md. Elizabeth (Slocom) ch. were, b. in Shrewsbury New Jersey.

(n) Silas Parker b. 13; 12; 1708.

(o) Hannah Parker b. 8; 6; 1710.

(p) Keonlog Parker b. 23; 2; 1716.

(q) John Parker b. 17; 8; 1719.

(r) Peter Parker b. 4; 9; 1722.

(s) Margaret Parker b. 25; 11; 1726.

(t) Elizabeth Parker b. 27; 12; 1732.

The grandparents of this family were, Nathaniel and Hannah Slocom whose children all b. in Shrewsbury N. J. were:

I. Sarah Slocom b. 11; 10; 1680 (rest torn off).

II. Savall Slocom b. 15; 11; 1686.

III. Meribah Slocom b. 7; 9; 1687.

IV. Elizabeth Slocom (mother of the above children) b. 15; 1; 1689.

V. Naomi Slocom b. 12; 5; 1692.

VI. John Slocom b. 14; 9; 1694.

VII. Mary Slocom b. 10; 1; 1697.

Nathl. Slocom, husband of Hannah d. in Shrewsbury 31, 6, 1702.

(All to be found on Shrewsbury Quaker records.)

Hist. Perth-Amboy, 1628, says, Between years 1670 and 1680, several of the name of Parker came to different places in East Jersey related to each other if not members of the same family.

In Elizabeth was Benjamin Parker Adm. on his estate to Martha Parker March 10, 1688. In Monmouth Co. Peter and Joseph Parker. Administration on estate of Joseph granted to Jedidah Allen, May 15, 1685.

In Woodbridge, N. J. Eliza Parker, whose first grant of land was 182a, on highway leading to Piscataway under date of April 19, 1675, he lived first at Staten Island, then at Woodbridge. In November of 1694, he was made High Sheriff of County of Middlesex N. J. In 1707 member of Provincial Assembly, and 1711 appointed member of Gov. Hunter's Council. He died June 30, 1717. His first wife was Elizabeth by whom he had;

I. Thomas Parker, moved to Staten Island, was there in 1687.

II. Eliza Parker, called a weaver, in 1681, in 1701 a merchant in Woodbridge, N. J. In 1709 captain of the forces, 1712 went to Perth Amboy and there died 1727 unmarried.

IV. Mary Parker b. Dec. 3, 1672; md. Daniel Robbins Nov. 27, 1691.

V. Samuel Parker b. June 1, 1674.

The mother of these children died and Eliza md. (2) Hannah Rolph, March 26, 1692, she died 1696, having had children

VI. Elizabeth Parker b. Dec. 23, 1691, d. Mch. 1692.

VII. John Parker b. Nov. 11, 1698, Eliza md. (8) Ursula Craig Sept. 27, 1697, her ch. were;

VIII. Elizabeth Parker.

IX. Mary Parker.

X. Ursula Parker.

XI. Edward Parker.

John West (14) lived near the Quaker Meeting House in Shrewsbury, N. J., and owned what was called the "Great House", at which place first election for Freeholders of the town took place March 1710. March 5, 1693, trustees of Friends Meeting of Shrewsbury were; Jedediah Allen, Peter Tilton, Remembrance Lippincott and they purchased of John Lippincott all that piece of land situated and being at the southeast corner of said Lippincott lot whereon his dwelling house stood, upon which the Friends erected a brick meeting house, used until 1816. Aug. 19, 1717, Friends bought of Preserve Lippincott a half acre of ground adjoining their land, and in 1816, when the new church was built it was placed on both lots, a frame building 40x60 shingled on sides as well as roof. (See Hist. Monmouth Co by Ellis).

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## QUERIES.

4891. DAVENPORT—Thomas Davenport md. Deborah Simmons. Was he the son of Eliphalet and Hannah (Phillips) Davenport? Would be very glad of any information on this family. —M. E. M.

4892. HEAD—Can M. L. T. A. give me any information about the parents of Jonathan Head of Dartmouth, who md. Oct. 21, 1780, Ruth Little of Little Compton? Was he the son of Joseph and Bathsheba (Palmer) Head? What were the dates of Jonathan's birth and death?—M. E. M.

4893. DEWEESBURY—Who was Heister Deweesbury, who married Philip Delano, one of the first settlers of Duxbury, Mass. They were married Dec. 19, 1684.—W. E.

4894. HILL—Who was Jeremiah Hill, married at Newport, R. I., March 2, 1788, to Sarah Johnson?—B. D.

4895. TABER—Who was Abner Taber, who married Sarah Tomlin, at Newport, R. I., Nov. 27, 1787?—B. D.

4896. MURPHY—Who was Polly Murphy who married Benjamin Billings, at Newport, R. I., Jan. 23, 1791?—B. D.

4897. PILCHER—What was the Christian name of — Pilcher, who married Phoebe Fielding, in Virginia or North Carolina, about 1750, and who were his ancestors?—S. H. R.

4898. LARMON—Would like parentage of Elizabeth Larmore of Boston, Mass., born Sept. 6, 1718. She married Ebenezer Townsend, and removed to New Haven, Conn., where she died August 30, 1784.—P. J. L.

## ANSWERS.

3759. DENNIS—Robert Dennis (Robert) died June 5, 1691 of Portsmouth and Newport, married Nov. 19, 1672 at Duxbury, Sarah Howland born 1645 and died Oct. 2, 1712. She was the daughter of Henry and Mary (Newland) Howland. Mary born Apr. 16, 1640 was daughter of William and Rose (Holloway) Newland who married May 19, 1645.

Henry Howland was of Duxbury as early as 1693 and was brother to the first John Howland.—M. E. M.

3990. EDDY—Elizabeth Eddy b. Oct. 25, 1745 d. Apr. 2, 1797 m. Feb. 27, 1766 Dr. Ebenezer Winslow, was daughter of Constant Eddy b. Sept. 7, 1710 d. Nov. 16, 1784 m. Dec. 19, 1733 Mary Winslow b. Apr. 23, 1710 d. Sept. 7, 1784. Constant Eddy was son of Obadiah Constant and Abigail (Devotion) Eddy (Zachariah Samuel) Mary Winslow was daughter of Joseph and Mary (Tisdale) Winslow (Job, Kenilworth).—M. E. M.

4846. MASON—Joseph Mason, (Sampson) b. in Rehoboth, Mass., Mar. 6, 16623 m. first Mar. 12, 1683 Anne Daggett. He m. second Sept. 4, 1686 Lydia, daughter of Obadiah and Mary (Clifton) Bowen. She was born in Rehoboth Apr. 23, 1668 and d. Mar. 25, 1758. He d. May 19, 1748 and is buried in Warren, R. I. He held many offices in Swansea. July 1709 he was ordained pastor of the Second Church of Swansea and so continued until his death. He was a shoemaker by trade. They had four children. Freeborn was b. June 5, 1695 and m. June 1, 1715 Samuel Gorton son of Samuel and Susannah (Barton) Gorton. He was b. June 1, 1690. He removed to Warwick, R. I. and d. Apr. 1794. His wife's death not given. Obadiah was son of Richard Bowen. Richard d. Feb. 4, 1674. His first wife was Ann and his second was a widow Marsh of Hingham.—M. E. M.

## Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1904 by W. T. Foster.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 10 to 13, warm wave July 9 to 13, cool wave July 12 to 16. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 14, cross west of Rockies by close of 15, great central valleys 10 to 13, eastern states 19. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about July 14, great central valleys 16 eastern states 18. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about July 17, great central valleys July 19, eastern states 21.

This disturbance will belong to a period of high temperatures followed by very cool weather and accompanied by severe and dangerous storms. These storms will be severe when they strike the Pacific coast and will continue to be dangerous until after they have passed to east of the Mississippi river. Their force will decrease as they approach the Atlantic coast. The cool wave will be ahead of time stated in the northwest and move toward Texas. This will throw it behind time so that it will reach the Ohio valley about on regular time, that is not far from 19 or 20. The coldest weather from that cool wave will occur in the Missouri valley going very low at Kansas City about 18.

This will not bring the most severe storms of the summer. The great storms will begin not far from August 11 and continue at intervals till the last of October. I am not mistaken about this matter; I know the cause, can give the dates, within two days and approximate the places where these great disturbances will occur. Tropical hurricanes will be numerous and destructive and property will be saved by giving heed to these warnings.

During the week of which July 16 will be the middle great downpours of rainfall will occur covering only small sections and leaving many places too dry. Severe thunder and hail storms will occur in many places particularly in the Missouri valley and western Canada.

**The B. H. Gladding Dry Goods Company.**  
WESTMINSTER AND MATHEWSON STREETS, PROVIDENCE.

## Special Sale of Challies

29c Per Yard.  
Former Price 50c.

This lot represents 25 pieces of all wool French Challies—some in polka dots, some in floral designs, at a price concession which makes an exceptional bargain.

## French Lingerie

Special showing of new importation of hand-made and hand-embroidered French Lingerie.

These garments are the latest and best styles and are exquisitely embroidered.

Chemise, \$3.00 each and upwards.  
Corset Covers, \$4.50 each and upwards.  
Gowns, \$4.00 each and upwards.

## P. D. Corsets

Our own importation, made of fine coutil, bias gored.

Special Price \$1.50.

9x12 Wilton Rugs, regular price \$36.50, special sale for this week at

\$30.00 Each.

## "Old Bleach" Linen

Good assortment, in light and medium grades, 36, 40, 45 and 54 inches wide. These linens are very glossy, wear well and are satisfactory in every way.

Our Prices are Right.

## Domestic and Foreign Wash Fabrics

Special showing of Scotch and English Madras, at

25c. and 35c.

## D. & J. Anderson's Scotch Zephyrs

At 40c.

New line in latest printings, of 36-inch Pereaes at

12 1-2c Per Yard.

## Real Estate and Insurance.

### Building Lots on Malbone Avenue Park.

ONLY \$200 AND UP.

A beautiful place on Pelham street, with all the modern improvements, and 14,000 square feet of land to be sold for \$10,000.

A two-story house on Brewer street, 22,575, a great bargain.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

CORNER SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

## THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of Section 1 of Chapter 7 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport, passed A. D. 1902.

It is ordained by the City Council of the City of Newport as follows:

SECTION 1. Section one of Chapter 7 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport, passed A. D. 1902, is hereby amended by substituting "three-fifths" for "three-fourths" in said Section one.

SECTION 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed July 5, 1904.)  
A true copy—Witness:  
DAVID STEVENS, City Clerk.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of MARY A. BARKER, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased; that he has given bond to said Court as required and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Mary A. Barker, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or to the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

CLARKE T. BARKER, Administrator.  
Middletown, R. I., July 9, 1904—7-9

## CITY OF NEWPORT.

### NOTICE

To Owners of Automobiles, Motor Cars and Motor Cycles.

The provisions of Chapter 1, 157 of the General Laws of the State of Rhode Island require all vehicles of the above description to be registered in the Office of the Secretary of State, and beginning with June 1st, 1904, shall not be operated upon any public highway, unless so registered. Blank applications for such registration are now at the office of the Chief of Police.

BENJAMIN H. RICHARDS,  
Chief of Police.

## First National Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four per cent, will be paid July 10th.

NATHL R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.  
Newport, R. I., June 28, 1904—7-2

## New England Commercial Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND will be paid to the stockholders on and after July 1st, 1904.

N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.  
June 24, 1904—5-26

## IF

You'd buy "anything" you can buy it anywhere. If you're particular—that's quite another thing. This store isn't "anywhere," it's a place in itself and by itself. Nothing like it anywhere else—a place where customers get what they want and—satisfaction.

## A Cheval Glass

Is one of those "so-little-called-for we-don't-carry-them" articles, yet here's an assortment of about 20 long beveled French Mirrors, in swinging frame—a most convenient article for the dressing room. Oak, mahogany, birdseye and white enamel.

## A. C. TITUS CO.,

225—229 THAMES STREET. NEWPORT, R. I.

## HEADQUARTERS

### Gasoline Engines,

Windmills, Tanks, Towers, Saw Frames, Grist Mills, 20th CENTURY MANURE SPREADERS, ENSILAGE CUTTERS, ETC.

## Pneumatic Water System.

### LUNT, MOSS & CO.,

45 Eddy Street, Providence, R. I.

Rhode Island Agents for Aeromotor Co.

## STATE BOARD

—OF—

## PUBLIC ROADS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the construction of a section of State highway in the town of Cumberland, 4,225 feet in length; a section of State highway in the town of Lincoln, 5,580 feet in length; a section of State highway in the town of Gloucester, 6,380 feet in length; and a section of State highway in the town of Smithfield, 5,250 feet in length (both sections one contract); 2,500 tons of stone in place on the State highway in the town of Cranston, 2,500 tons of stone in place on the State highway in the town of Scituate; a section of State highway in the town of North Providence, 2,488 feet in length; a section of State highway in the town of Portsmouth, 2,000 feet in length; 1,000 tons of stone in place on the State highway in the town of West Greenwich, will be received by the State Board of Public Roads at its office, State House, Providence, R. I., until 12 m., on WEDNESDAY, July 13, 1904, at which time and place they will be publicly opened and read.

Bids must be made upon blanks to be furnished by the Board.

No bids will be received unless accompanied by a certified check for the sum of \$200, payable to the State of Rhode Island.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to give preference to towns or cities in accordance with Section 5 of Chapter 982 of the Public Laws.

Plans, specifications and drawings may be examined at the office of the State Board of Public Roads, at the State House, Providence, R. I., on and after WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of July, every week day, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., excepting Saturdays and holidays.

JOHN H. EDWARDS,  
ROBERT H. TRENT,  
FREDERICK E. PERKINS,  
WILLIAM C. PECKHAM,  
JOHN F. RICHMOND,  
State Board of Public Roads.

## Coddington Savings Bank.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the corporation of this bank, held this day, the following named gentlemen were elected trustees for the year ending June 30, 1904: John E. Seabury, John S. Langley, Clark H. Burdick, Jere W. Horton, Francis S. Barker, Gardner S. Perry, Charles A. Bruckett, L. Goodwin Hobbs and Theophilus T. Pittman.

At a meeting of the trustees held the same day, Jere W. Horton was elected President; T. Mumford Seabury, Vice President; Nathl. R. Swinburne, Treasurer; Edward L. Spencer, Assistant Treasurer; David F. Easterbrook, Clerk.

The October dividend will be at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Deposits made on or before July 20, 1904, will draw interest from the 1st of July.

NATHL R. SWINBURNE, Secretary.  
Newport, R. I., June 27, 1904—7-2

## Notice to Taxpayers

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of William H. Langley, of said Newport, presented this day, praying that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Guardian of the person and estate of MARY A. BARKER, who is represented in said petition as a person of full age and of unsound mind, who, from want of discretion in managing her estate, is likely to bring herself to want.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day of July, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,  
Probate Clerk.

## Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF TIME

On and After June 25,

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

## PROVIDENCE

Stop at Providence and Conant daily.  
Excursion Tickets, 50 Cents.

## Island Savings Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, will be paid on all deposits entitled thereto, on and after July 10, 1904.

GEORGE H. PROUD,  
Treasurer.

## National Exchange Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 78.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four per cent. has been declared payable July 1st, 1904.

GEORGE H. PROUD,  
Cashier.